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SOME OLD NEW YORKERS

IN the March number of this magazine, for the current year, the editor contributes a graphic article on "Life in New York Fifty Years Ago," in which is asked, as an indication of what may follow: "What are personal memories without anecdote?" My own memories of certain old New Yorkers, including anecdotes, relate to a period subsequent to that embraced in Mrs. Lamb's paper; but some of the characters there mentioned were still playing their parts, entertaining and being entertained, at the time to which I refer, although new ones were rapidly coming upon the scene.

I remember, as a young man, while strolling up Broadway one afternoon—it was my first visit to New York and my eyes were about me—that, as I approached City Hall Park, the pedestrians in front of me slackened their steps, gazed earnestly at the lower front window of an unpretentious brick dwelling-house, and then passed on as if gratified by something they had seen. Naturally I turned my eyes in the same direction, but observed nothing more remarkable than the pale face of an aged gentleman, visible behind the window-pane, as he gazed upon the busy thoroughfare. Inquiring of a passer-by who the gentleman was that attracted so much curiosity, he replied: "John Jacob Astor, sir, the great millionaire."

There he sat, looking at the hurrying throng, and perhaps looking back at his long and prosperous career from small beginnings, unmindful that people lingered, as they passed up and down the great artery of the city, to look upon the richest man the United States had at that time produced. It was worth their while to do so, for his rise to affluence and influence from a poor German lad, a stranger on our shores, to the possessor of unexampled wealth, was the result of his own shrewdness, industry, and un baffled will. This mere passing glimpse of what might be called the first Aster-oid in the planetary group of a brilliant family was all I ever saw of that notable man, for he died soon after.

With a foreseeing eye to the maintenance of an honored name, he

sent his eldest son to Europe to receive a finished education. The inheritor of his father's wealth, William B. Astor increased it enormously by judicious investments, and in his person and life was an example of the courteous gentleman. By those who judged him only by his close attention to business, he was accused of being a mercenary man, given over to the accumulation of riches; but his devotion to the family interests never clashed with his social duties, and his library was one of his chief enjoyments. I would not have supposed this last to be the case had he not himself given me the correct impression. He was standing one day with his back to the fire-place, listening to a conversation between one of the members of the family and myself on the subject of books, when he remarked to me: "The greatest pleasure of my life is to sit under a tree at my country place reading a book." I recalled this observation several years after, when at a country house in England I was speaking to the proprietor of his well-chosen and extensive library. Like Mr. Astor, my host was a very wealthy man; but, unlike the American millionaire, he had, as is customary with hereditary noblemen, given over the entire charge of his estate to his factor, or steward, thereby enjoying comparative leisure. "I dare say it is valuable," he said in reply to my remark, "but I seldom go into the library, and I never read a book." This, no doubt, is a very exceptional case among the educated classes in England, but the gentleman in question was one who appreciated his hunters and hounds more than the rare old volumes of his ancestors. Here, then, were two wealthy men—one devoting many hours of each day to business affairs, and yet finding time to read books for his own amusement or profit, and contributing largely toward the maintenance of the public library which bears his name; the other, with all his elegant leisure, confessing an utter want of interest in literary pursuits.

Mrs. Lamb, quoting from Philip Hone's journal, mentions a brilliant entertainment at Mr. Astor's house in Lafayette place.* When I knew him, at a later period, he was occupying the same house and still entertaining. His dinner parties were very *recherché*, and on special occasions a display of gold and silver plate glittered beneath the gas-lights; but not a sign of vulgar pretension marred the refinement of the entertainment. Those who have partaken of the hospitality of the sons and of the sons' sons—three generations of Astors—will have observed in each of the fam-

* The picture of William B. Astor's house in Lafayette place, also excellent portraits of John Jacob Astor and William B. Astor, and a fine view of Astor Library were published in this Magazine in July, 1886 [xvi. 2-29]. The portrait of Washington Irving, and a picture of his beautiful home, Sunnyside, we published in August, 1884 [xii. 153-161].

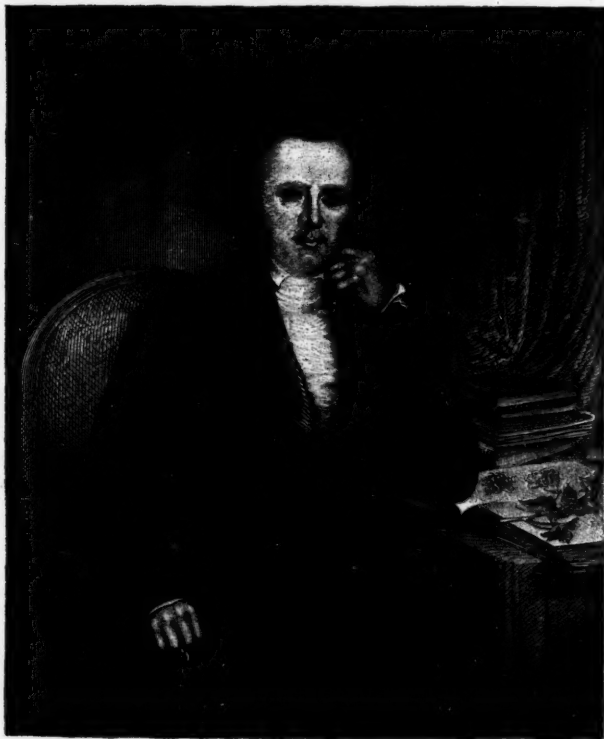
ily the same personal characteristics: an appreciative, silent sense of their own social position, which men of enormous wealth must inevitably feel, mingled with the most unobtrusive manner and a genial glow of personal sympathy with all those whose friendship was entirely disconnected from selfish interests. Each son, as he succeeded to the possessions of his father, received the inheritance, so to speak, "in trust" for the heirs to follow, somewhat on the principle established for generations in the hereditary families of England, with this difference, that there the inheritance from father to son is a binding legal necessity, while with us the disposition of property is voluntary. In either view of the case, there need be no room for envy on the part of those who are not blessed with enormous worldly possessions, unless it be the enviable opportunity which the millionaire in our country holds in his hands for benefiting the suffering and needy world around him by the judicious dispersion of his *surplus* means on objects of public and private charity, in the promotion of education and the advancement of literature, science, and art. If this noble work be done during his lifetime, the personal occupation involved in the examination of the claims and in the judicious disposition of the money must furnish one of the most enjoyable and satisfactory pursuits in human experience. In the case of the Astors, the perpetuation of the property in the family entails an immense amount of supervision, and for this work each of the sons prepared himself by long and patient apprenticeship. The latest heir said to a visitor, one who had been residing for some time abroad, "I suppose you have come over on some matter of business. You will find us all business men here, and I work as hard as any one." And so he does. His friend saw him on one occasion at his office overlooking papers, and as busily employed as any of the clerks about him. It was a noble example of industry to set before the young loungers at the clubs and fashionable drawing-rooms; yet it seems a pity that a man of social instincts and of literary and artistic tastes should feel himself compelled, for so many hours of each day, to wear the yoke of devotion to the ledger and cash book.

If I look for another specimen of the genus "gentleman" of those days, and yet whose ancestors could boast only of the "nobility of labor and the pedigree of toil," I find him in Mr. Henry Brevoort, whose father had owned an extensive farm and market garden in the suburbs of New York, which in the course of years became city lots and made him a millionaire. Mr. Brevoort occupied a spacious house in Fifth avenue, where, surrounded by his family, a choice library, and selected works of art, he pursued the pleasures of a cultured man of letters and of society.

The question in the United States necessarily is, not *from* whom a man sprung, but what the man himself is. The quest for ancestry is always hazardous, whether in the new world or in the old, especially so unless one stops in time. It is often a matter of opinion which, in the way of ancestry, is the more preferable—to run against an honest, enterprising individual who carried a pack on his back or sat in the market-place selling vegetables, or to run against a Norman filibuster or the “illegitimate brat” of a Lucy Waters or a Nell Gwynn, whom his disreputable majesty dubbed the Duke of Grafton, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of St. Albans, or what not.

Society in New York, when I first knew it, was more distinctly subdivided and defined than in these latter days, when so frequently the toe of the parvenu “gibes the heel” of some modest citizen, who has to console himself with the reflection that if all the wealth of the arrogant ignoramus were doubled tenfold it could not purchase the *entrée* to his quiet family circle or admission to his select club. Yet these distinctions are so little understood by the majority of foreign visitors to the United States that many of them learn too late that they have failed to enter the abodes of the most cultivated and refined circles in this country for want of suitable letters of introduction. “But we thought,” say such travelers, “that you Americans were all ‘free and equal,’ and that one man was as good as another;” thus obstinately confusing social with political distinctions.

It was once my good fortune to meet, in the latter years of his life, the genial Washington Irving. He was by nature a retiring man, and often disappointed his friends—a not uncommon case with celebrities who are expected to say something worth hearing—by saying nothing. It was at his cozy little country seat, “Sunny Side,” on the banks of the Hudson, that he was most at home with his friends, and where, seeming to catch the influence of the surroundings and the freedom from public observation, he expanded with humorous conversation. It was in that neighborhood that we met by chance, one hot summer afternoon, on the piazza of a country house, each of us waiting the return of the family from their drive. Irving remarked that it was the hottest day, with one exception, he remembered ever to have known. That other day was a certain 4th of July in New York. It appeared that to increase the *éclat* of the anniversary of American independence, the typical “bird of freedom,” a live eagle, had been attached by a chain to the summit of the cupola of the city hall, where the fierce rays of the sun and the galling of the chain reduced the poor bird to the last gasp of vitality. “There it sat,” continued Irving, “with sightless eyes, drooping head, and dilapidated wings, scorched by



John W. Francis

1789-1861.

[From the painting by James Herring, when Dr. Francis was about forty years of age.]

the sun of freedom, and presenting the effigy, in chains, of political servitude far more than it did the emblem of American independence." The force of satire could no further go. It was the quiet humor of his tone and the merry twinkle of his eye—which cannot be rendered in writing—that gave especial zest to the narrative. When our friends returned, Irving subsided into commonplaces, and said nothing that at all distinguished the illustrious man from any other ordinary individual.

Few of the old residents of, say, forty years ago were unfamiliar with the

appearance in the street of a gentleman of stout, compact frame, with a full, benevolent countenance, and an abundant crown of not always well arranged flowing gray hair, and who reminded one of the portraits of Benjamin Franklin. This was Dr. John W. Francis, the eminent physician, the beloved friend of all who knew him intimately, and one of the most original men of his day. He was vain of his resemblance to the great American philosopher, and was supposed to affect it in dress and manner. His house, No. 1 Bond street, was the resort of a literary and professional clique, which, barring the absence of the female element, was perhaps the nearest approach to the old Parisian *salon* possible at that time in New York. Almost any evening in the week Dr. Francis's rear drawing-room might be seen occupied by visitors, who, once having been introduced, dropped in without further invitation and were sure to meet congenial associates. If smokers, they lighted their cigars as if perfectly at home, and, if the conversation was prolonged, the room was pretty sure to be half obscured by the fumes of tobacco. This never disturbed the equanimity and cheerfulness of Mrs. Francis, who frequently sat through the whole of it, enjoying the small talk or the discussion to her heart's content. The doctor himself enjoyed a good cigar keenly, and after the fatigue of his professional duties—often returning late at night—would sit up in bed, surrounded by newspapers and enveloped in smoke, while his faithful spouse lay asleep by his side.

Among the frequenters of that familiar rendezvous of wits, artists, literati, clergymen, and doctors, were Dr. Hawks, the popular preacher of Calvary church, a famous *raconteur*; President Charles King of Columbia college; Mott, the surgeon; John Ward, the leading banker of Wall street; Halleck, the poet; Henry T. Tuckerman, the essayist; the brothers Duyckinck, able scholars and critics; and certain foreign notabilities, caught for the occasion, to add novelty to the social evening. Among others, and who created a good deal of society and newspaper discussion, I remember—although I seldom ventured into that learned conclave—"Mr. Williams," the pretended dauphin, Louis XVII. Many believed in him, and his reserved manners and modest discourse—seldom or never alluding to himself or expressing any desire for kingly recognition—helped to inspire confidence in his pretensions.

I was present one evening when Dr. Hare of Philadelphia, a distinguished Swedenborgian, was among the guests, and by request he indulged the company with an exposition of that peculiar faith. Alluding to the fear of death, so universal with Christians in general, he produced a profound impression by the sincerity and earnestness with which he avowed not only his readiness but his anxiety to depart this life for that

purser and happier existence beyond the grave, which he felt a moral certitude was in store for him. Death to him, he said, was like the passage from one room to another; that other being the realization of a bliss which is not even dreamed of in our philosophy. Some years after this, Dr. Francis lost his eldest son, a young man of extreme promise,



John W. Francis

1789-1861.

["Dr. Francis was closely identified with the growth of the city of his birth during the most important period in its history, and will always be remembered for his public spirit, generous sympathy, extensive learning, varied talents, and indomitable zeal in whatever concerned its men and their achievements, its institutions and general progress."]

in whom his affections and ambition were wrapped up. His grief was intense, and it was evident that his faith in a reunion with his dear boy in the land of spirits was not as morally certain as was the belief in a future existence described by Professor Hare; for when his intimate friend Dr. Hawks endeavored to assuage his grief by the assurance that he would

rejoin his son hereafter, he quaintly summed up his doubts upon the subject by the rejoinder: "Ah! doctor, doctor, a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

One evening Francis was informed by the servant that a gentleman, who would not give his name, was in the hall, and on the point of going away, not having the courage to enter the drawing-room when told that visitors were present. The doctor went out and found the gentleman on the point of opening the street door. It was Edgar Allan Poe, the poet, author of "The Raven," and other less celebrated effusions. In spite of all his efforts to escape, Francis seized him by the arm, forced him along the passage, threw the drawing-room door wide open, and pushing the distressed poet into the midst of the smoke and the company, called out: "Ladies and gentlemen, the *Raven*!"

Once, when visiting Philadelphia, Dr. Francis expressed a strong desire to visit the grave of his great prototype, Dr. Franklin, and proceeded thither accompanied by a friend, to whom I am indebted for the anecdote. Finding the entrance gate locked and the walls too high to scale, he and his friend went to a neighboring painter's shop to borrow a ladder. The shop was kept by a Quaker, who sent his daughter for it. As she was absent some time Francis proposed to go in search of the girl, but to this the father objected, saying: "Nay, nay; if thee be like Franklin in one way, thee may be like Franklin in another way, and thee'll just stay where thee is." In the course of time the ladder made its appearance and was carried to the cemetery wall, where the doctor, parting from his companion, mounted the rounds and disappeared among the tombstones. What he did there in the way of hero-worship at the Kebla-stone of his devotion has not transpired, but it is not unlikely that he embraced it, as he was once seen to embrace a marble bust of Franklin which stood on a pedestal in the entrance hall of the house of Mr. James G. King the banker. When he finally returned to the cemetery wall the ladder had disappeared, and Francis found himself a prisoner, unable to descend into the street below. In this dilemma he sat down upon the wall, his legs dangling over the sidewalk, to await assistance. To the amusement if not consternation of the passers-by, there he sat in his straight-bodied coat, and with his composed air, the personification of Benjamin Franklin reappearing in the flesh after his long entombment, as if seeking once again to mingle with the people of his beloved city. A crowd gathered at this unwonted spectacle, and some of the courageous persons assisted Dr. Francis to descend.

Francis was as devoted to the poor as to the rich, and sought out the

sick in the vilest quarters of the city, often attending the latter without a fee. On a cold, snowy day in winter, a friend of mine who was making a short cut, to save time, through that slum of wretchedness, the "Five Points," saw a poor laboring man emerge from a tenement-house bearing on his shoulder a pine coffin, in which was his dead child, on its way to the place of interment. Behind it strode through the storm one solitary mourner,



Stephen Whitney

[A great merchant of the period, whose wealth made possible the later and well-known benefactions of his nephew, Stephen Whitney Phoenix.]

with head bared and eyes to the ground. The mourner was Dr. Francis, who little imagined that this delicate act of courtesy to the poor and humble workman, whose child he had attended, was being witnessed by a personal friend. The doctor's own death was as dramatic as was his life, and went to show that his eccentricities were more the result of a peculiar temperament than of affectation. He had been lying—so I was

told—with closed eyes and apparently at the point of death for several hours, and his distressed family were gathered about the bedside, awaiting the final moment. Suddenly the doctor opened his eyes, gazed about him, and remarked: "This looks like an exit." Later on he lifted his hand and said: "I am going." Then, dropping it, "I am gone;" and thus expired.

John Van Buren, son of the former president of the United States, familiarly dubbed "Prince John" from his somewhat pretentious air, was classed among the humorists of New York. It was chiefly in ready and witty repartee that he excelled. Many of his quick sayings are remembered, and possibly the following may have appeared before in print. He had been defending in court a prisoner charged with the commission of a loathsome and nameless crime, not by any means Van Buren's first success in criminal cases of the lowest class. Leaving the court-house, at recess, he went to a neighboring restaurant to get his lunch, where he met a group of friends who had been listening to his plea in behalf of the prisoner. "I say, Prince," cried out one of them, in a bantering tone, "is there *any* crime too vile, too filthy, too disgusting, for you to defend?" "I don't know," promptly replied the lawyer: "what have you been doing?"

For withering denunciation and cool, calculated personal abuse—protected under professional privilege—I never heard a stronger instance than when John Van Buren defended Edwin Forrest, the actor, for assault and battery upon N. P. Willis, the poet. The court-room was crowded with spectators, and Willis, seeing me in search of a seat, beckoned me to one next to himself, within the bar. I found the position rather uncomfortable when Van Buren, in the course of his address to the jury, turned toward Willis, and with outstretched arm and finger pointing at him during the entire passage, described him as a man for whom the public whipping he had received at the hands of the great tragedian was altogether too dignified a punishment. "Whipped?—he should have been kicked;" and so on. Then he described the plaintiff, both in his literary and social life, as a man worthy only of the scorn and contempt of his fellow-men, and entertained the court with certain personal details, which, under the lawyer's highly colored statement, transformed petty imprudences into glaring social iniquities. During this moral castigation, Willis must have decided in his own mind that the damages he demanded for his wounded honor, from Forrest, had better never have been made. I did not dare to look at him, but I *felt* that he was pale and trembling at my side—somewhat of a consolation to myself, for our chairs almost touched each other, and I could only hope that the public staring down upon us

would clearly perceive that he, and not I, was the subject of the lawyer's terrific scathing. Willis was at that time the editor of the *Home Journal*, and in connection with the poet Morris furnished a weekly assortment of society gossip and poetical sentiment much relished by a large circle of readers. I was too young to have known him when he flitted about like a butterfly in the staid society of Boston, although his father's house stood next to our own. Each had its garden in front and was entered by a gateway. Young Willis returned home one night, or rather at the small



J Van Buren.

hours of the morning, and finding the gate locked attempted to scale the fence. He had got one foot well over the railing when the other one was seized by the night watchman, who informed him that the sooner he descended from his elevated position and went with him "quietly," the better. The *débonnaire* young gentleman at once explained that he resided in the house, and mentioned his name. But the other said that "that little game was played out and wouldn't go down with him," adding, that in consequence of recent house robberies in the neighborhood, he had been especially appointed to that beat, and he was glad to say that

the prisoner, "as one of the gang," was at last secured. The young poet and man of fashion was in despair. All argument to prove his respectability failed, and he was on the point of yielding and being marched off to durance vile, until the morning should set matters right, when an idea occurred to him. "My friend," said he, "you refuse to take my word that I am a gentleman: so put your hand *here*," and he held up a leg, that the officer might feel the texture of the broadcloth that enveloped it. "Do you suppose that a housebreaker would wear trousers like these?"

This evidence of "the gentleman"—a sensitive point with Willis—was too strong for the abashed policeman, and he released his hold upon the prisoner with profuse apologies and regrets—at least so said Willis, who told the story. Thereupon the happy poet scaled the garden gate, this time successfully, with confirmed confidence in the principle that "the cloth" is an unfailing evidence of a man's social position. In New York Willis moved in a certain class where he was appreciated for his pleasing address and entertaining chit-chat. He *posed* as the infallible guide to what is best in culture and artistic taste, and he was frequently consulted by people who were in search of an appropriate name for a villa or for the correct adornment of an interior. "Can you suggest a name for it?" said a young lady to me after describing her new country place. "Nat. Willis is coming up to see us, and we shall be sure to adopt whatever name he suggests, however pretentious or affected, unless we can think of a better one." I believe I suggested a name or two; but, whatever it was, the superior judgment of the man of ideas carried the day, and the attractive summer residence was thenceforward known by the name of "Wolfert's Roost." The poet's own unique grounds on the banks of the Hudson bore the appropriate title of "Idlewild," for it was an *idle*, sauntering spot of sweet seclusion, and *wild* with a natural growth of trees and shrubbery. At one time his residence in New York was a small house, the "drawing-room" of which was a mere box of a place, but so skillfully arranged with hangings, works of art, and tasteful furniture, as to form a veritable *bijou* of a sitting-room. I was never in it but once, and then, in attempting to pass into what appeared to be a similar room to the one I was in, came near walking into a mirror of plate glass extending from floor to ceiling, so adroitly set between imitation door-posts as to completely deceive the eye.

As a poet, N. P. Willis will never rank among the immortals, but he wrote with a certain force and freshness, both in prose and verse, that lends a charm to his works of travel, his piquant stories, and his poetical effusions. There is more art than heart in the latter, but they are always

pleasing and have not lost much in this respect by the higher flights of contemporary poets.

Among the often seen gray-bearded men of the city was Peter Cooper, who rose from humble life to notoriety by his industry, wealth, benevolence, and public liberality. Imperfectly educated himself, he recognized the importance of education for the middle classes in art and science, and perceived the deficiencies that then existed in those departments of public instruction: hence, the "Cooper Institute," which is certainly a monument in every way creditable to its founder, and a source of great utility to a large class which otherwise could ill afford to cultivate these branches. This building is now included among the public edifices of the city which the ever appearing "distinguished stranger" is invited to contemplate and to admire as evidences of the advancement and culture of the great Republic.* What may be the private opinions of foreigners who visit these institutions, respecting them and the men who founded them, it is difficult to determine, since whatever they may be they feel in honor bound, as guests, to express their surprise and admiration. I know of one amusing exception in the case of an imperial prince, whose private remark to one of his suite happened to be overheard by a gentleman of the party. As the prince passed up the staircase, Peter Cooper leading the way, the aide-de-camp informed his chief that the gentleman in front was not only the founder of the institute he was about to visit, but that Mr. Cooper had erected the building at his own expense, and derived not a single *sou* of pecuniary benefit from the educational schools he had endowed. The prince looked amazed, reflected for a moment upon this remarkable fact, and, turning to his companion, whispered: "*Quel imbécile!*"

A more congenial foreign visitor to New York in those days was Miss Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, whom I had the pleasure of meeting at a country place on the banks of the Hudson. Her face was plain and her general appearance anything but striking, but she was a comely little woman, and possessed keen powers of observation, united with great amiability of disposition. Especially frank in the expression of her opinions, and free from any attempt at flattery, her remarks upon the people and the country bore the impress of honest criticism. She spoke to me of the defects of our social system, as they appeared to her, as one who regretted that there should be defects in a land which she sincerely admired. Expatiating upon the elegance of the mansion, the beauty of the grounds, and the loveliness of the river view which lay

* An excellent portrait of Peter Cooper appeared in this magazine as the frontispiece to Volume X—July, 1883.

before us, Miss Bremer said: "The houses of your wealthy people are most attractive; but what I miss here are homes. I don't think you fully appreciate, in this country, the full signification of the word *home*. In Europe, generations of families occupy the same house and grounds. They are precious heirlooms, full of old and loving associations, and they would no more part with them than they would part with their children. *Here* you all seem to be on the move. A rich man builds a noble mansion and lays out beautiful grounds, as if he and his family and their descendants were to abide here through their natural lives; but I find that, as a rule, they do not do so. Perhaps this very estate will pass away to the first good purchaser even before the death of its present proprietor. You are too nomadic, too nomadic and unsettled in your ways of life."

The visit of the Prince of Wales, then a slim, pale-faced youth, in marked contrast to the stout, well-proportioned man of to-day, excited much attention. I first saw him at an exhibition of the pupils of the "New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb," in which, youthful as he was, he evinced a great deal of interest, as the young ladies read their "speeches" on the stage, displaying their powers of oratory and description by the sole exercise of silent gesticulation. I remember that a piece of folly committed by certain giddy girls at the hotel where the prince lodged was commented upon in an English journal as an evidence of the "hankering of the American people for monarchical institutions." The comment was as absurd as are many others founded upon the utter ignorance which distinguishes the criticism of such scribblers. The incident was this. The barber of the hotel, who was known to serve the prince, was bribed into giving to some silly people clippings of hair cut from his head, and which were carefully cherished by them as souvenirs of his royal highness' visit. I do not know how many locks of hair the clever barber sold for months after the departure of the prince, but I fancy they would have sufficed to cover the bald pates of half the British aristocracy. The motive for such acts is not admiration for grand and titled personages, but the result of a curious curiosity. To such, the signature of Tom Thumb, or their profiles cut in paper by the toes of "the armless dwarf," are of as much value, in their way, as the relics of foreign royalty. To indicate the innate self-respect which underlies the supposed gratification of an American at personal attentions from foreign notabilities, a trifling incident will be as useful as a dissertation. On the occasion of the visit of a Russian imperial prince to New York, when society seized the opportunity, as is its custom, to welcome the distinguished guest with dinners and balls, a certain young lady friend of mine was honored by his hand in a dance.

With that condescension which will occasionally creep out with such personages, who consider that in visiting the United States they must endure the barbarism of American manners in order to gratify the curiosity of travel, his imperial highness remarked to his partner that he supposed she would not mind his dancing without gloves. She replied that she had no objection to his doing so, but that if he danced with *her* he must wear them. The gloves were straightway produced from the imperial pocket.

The mention of the deaf and dumb institution recalls my connection of eight years with the "New York State Institution for the Blind" as one of its trustees. It is many years since I have been in the way of any personal acquaintance with its condition, but at the period when I had the honor of serving on its various committees I had reason to be proud of its efficiency and progress. The want of sight in these unfortunates is largely made up to them, not by the greater acuteness of the other organs as is often erroneously supposed to be the case, but by the greater concentration of the intellectual powers: hence the remarkable attainments of the blind in mental calculations, machine-writing, raised-letter reading, and in hand work. Out of the two hundred or more pupils there were but few "black sheep" in the blind flock; but the exploits of one of these is worth recording. This lad, young in years and totally blind from his birth, was missed one night from his bed in the dormitory, although found there again, sleeping soundly, on the following morning. A watch was accordingly set upon him, and he was captured in the act of climbing to an upper window leading to the roof. It appeared that it had been his custom for some time to leave his bed, when the occupants of the dormitory were wrapped in profound slumber, feel his way along the wall, climb to the window communicating with the upper roof, which, although fastened, he managed to open without noise, and thence creep along the gutter on the edge of the roof, descend by the water-spout to the sidewalk, and, pursuing his way through the silent streets, enter a beer saloon in the neighborhood, which was still open at that late hour. Having drunk his beer, the blind boy returned in the same clandestine and perilous way to his bed again. I know of nothing approaching this remarkable feat unless it be that of Amina in the fable of *Somnambula*.

To speak of William Cullen Bryant seems to be entering into too recent a period of New York notabilities.* I will confine myself to the first and almost only occasion when I had the pleasure of holding with him anything like a lengthened conversation. This was during the war of

* An excellent portrait of William Cullen Bryant published in this magazine, January, 1890, forms the frontispiece of this current Volume XXIII.

the rebellion, when the public discussion of some topic connected therewith moved me to send an anonymous article to the *Evening Post*, at that time under the editorial management of Mr. Bryant. I had expected it to be printed as a "communication;" but, to my surprise, it appeared as the leading editorial. Being curious to ascertain if the name of the author of the article was suspected, I called at the office and asked one of the sub-editors if he could inform me who wrote it. He did not know, but referred me to Mr. Bryant, then sitting at his desk in an adjoining room. When I entered his sanctum Bryant was engaged in writing, and he looked up at the intruder with anything but an expression of welcome. I apologized, mentioned my name, and said I would interrupt him but for a moment. As he was a personal friend of my brother, his stern features relaxed and he asked me to be seated. Briefly, and in as delicate a way as I could manage it, I said that I had a personal reason for asking if he would afford me the information I wanted, which would of course be regarded as confidential. He said it was a rule of the office, which could not possibly be violated, not to give the names of writers. "It would never do," and so on. I admitted the excellence of the rule, and deferentially asked if he himself knew who was the author of the article in question. He hesitated a moment, and then frankly admitted that neither he nor any of the editorial staff did know. Suddenly an idea seemed to strike him, and, with an inquisitive twinkle of the eye, he looked straight at me and asked: "Do *you* know?" The tables were turned. Here was a famous editor asking a comparative stranger *who* wrote the leading article in his own newspaper of the day before! The position was ludicrous, and when at last I acknowledged the authorship, we both broke into a laugh. Bryant said that if I did not mind waiting a few minutes until he finished the letter he was writing, we would walk uptown together. During that walk I discovered that Bryant, socially, was altogether a different sort of man from what I had supposed him to be. He was genial, full of small-talk, and amusing. The grave, often bitter, political critic and journalist and the pathetic poet of nature showed himself to be a man of the world and fully alive to the little incidents and humors of daily life. The conversation turning upon events of the civil war and the devotion of women to the sick and suffering soldiers, he asked if I had ever heard the story of the philanthropist, Miss D., and the dying soldier.

"What is it?" I asked; for, although familiar to many, I wanted Bryant to tell it. I thought he would abbreviate the adjective at the close, but he gave it its full force. Miss D. had been told that a sick soldier was

lying *in extremis* in one of the hospital wards, and she hastened thither to administer to the poor fellow a dying consolation. The patient's eyes were closed, the death-damp was on his brow, and apparently he was half unconscious. The lady took the prostrate hands kindly in her own, bent soothingly over him, and whispered with solemn earnestness into his ear: "My friend, do you know what you must do to be saved?" The soldier opened his eyes for a moment to see who the questioner might be, and then, closing them, said: "I'm too sick, ma'am, to guess any d——d conundrums."

Mr. Parke Godwin's admirable biography of Bryant published a few years ago, and Mr. John Bigelow's *Life of Bryant* now before the public, will, it is to be hoped, enlighten English readers not only as to the fact of Bryant's having existed, but his claims for recognition as a poet and journalist. Mr. Bigelow calls attention to the ignorance in England respecting Bryant, and mentions that even in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" his name does not appear. I remember searching the book-shops in London, many years ago, before I could find a copy of Bryant's *Poems* to give to a friend who had never heard of them. This ignorance, or at least indifference, may be accounted for from the special character of his poetry. Pre-eminently a reflective poet, his inspiration springs from the love of natural scenery, and the flowers, and woods, and movable objects around him. Hence, the clear-cut, mosaic work of Longfellow and the exquisite and diversified imagination of Tennyson are better calculated to excite the less contemplative mind of the general reader. It must be admitted that Bryant's poetical reputation rests largely upon two or three of his poems—the "Waterfowl," "Thanatopsis," and perhaps the "Forest Hymn," as does that of Poe on the "Raven" and "Annabel Lee," and Coleridge on "Love" and the "Ancient Mariner;" but if no more than these had ever been written their authors would still be standing in the company of the best of modern poets.

Mr. Chief-Justice Coleridge, an able critic of poetical literature, struck the right chord when, in addressing the pupils of an American college, he said with emphasis, "Study your Bryant." Other poems by our countrymen, however excellent, he was of opinion, "might have been written anywhere; but Bryant is essentially the poet of America."

Charles K. Tuckerman.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

A PIONEER AND HIS CORN-PATCH

Colonial days in Virginia, New England, the Carolinas, etc., carry us back a long way, but pioneer life in Kentucky is like a leaf just turned, and with the last word repeated on the next page. Mention the name of one of the old heroes, and you will be sure to find some one who remembers him or who has heard of him from his mother, or, at least, one who has known a son or grandson. If you can get into the locality where he lived, you may pass the name around from mouth to mouth of the "oldest inhabitants" and it will grow in interest like a rolling snowball.

There was no more prominent figure among the pioneers of Kentucky than Simon Kenton. You can place him side by side with Daniel Boone himself in your list of worthies, and not find many dissenting voices if any. What Boone was in middle and south Kentucky, Kenton was on the Ohio frontier, and that was preëminently the post of danger. As a boy he was nothing extraordinary, we are told, nor was there much of interest connected with his early years. If his life had continued as it begun, he would doubtless have proved a very ordinary personage. But one can never tell what that wily god Cupid is going to do with a man.

He loved a maid, and she loved somebody else. Filled with jealousy he entered an unbidden guest to the wedding, only to be taunted and forcibly thrust from the house by his successful rival and his brother. This roused the demon of revenge, and he forgot Him who says, "Vengeance is mine."

In a lonely wood he met the rival who had put him to an open shame before the woman he adored, and he lifted up his hand against him. There were no pistols nor swords, no surgeons nor seconds, none to witness save the God above; yet, when Simon Kenton saw his former friend and companion lying limp and lifeless on the ground before him, he looked for a moment on the deed he had done with blanched face and horror-stricken heart, then fled into the wilderness as if pursued by an avenging law.

One April day in the spring of 1771 a solitary pedestrian might have been seen wending his way down the rugged mountain path on the western slope of the Alleghanies. At that time a strong tide of adventurous spirits was pushing westward into the enchantment of new and unexplored regions, but evidently it was not one of these. He had somewhat of the hunter's alertness of eye, yet very little of his eager anticipation;

the young face wore a troubled, anxious look, sometimes almost like guilt, and he started and listened at every sound. As the faintest glimmer of the day dawn touched the mountain tops, he left the beaten path which he had been following by the moon's shadowy light, and turning into the thickest of the forest seated himself on a fallen tree close by the shelter of an overhanging rock. He seemed in no hurry to seek or prepare a breakfast, nor even to stoop and quench his thirst at the crystal spring by his side, but sat with his face in his hands, heavy sighs shuddering through his athletic young frame.

Can you guess who it is thus hiding from the daylight? Poor Simon Kenton! how we pity the boy—for he was nothing more—who with his own hand has hung such a cloud over his life! Pity him more and more as he wanders hither and thither among the rough frontiersmen, restless, listless, indifferent to life; his very name a thing of dread, and his only thought of the past one of horror and remorse.

He calls himself Simon Butler now, and having reached Ises ford on Cheat river he is comparatively safe and begins to look about for some means of earning a living. He has reached the border-land between civilization and the wilderness, where hunting, trapping, and trading are the order of the day, and he casts in his lot first with one party and then with another. Finally a chance companion tells him of the beautiful cane-lands of Kentucky. His enthusiasm rises, and a strange persistency to find them—and at once—becomes the end and aim of his existence.

Thenceforward the story of his life revolves around a single spot, and that the place where he found the cane, cut it down with his hatchet, and planted the first corn ever planted by white man in that part of the state. Collins's history tells us that in May, 1775, "They put in with their canoe at the mouth of Cabin creek, about six miles above Maysville; next morning, while hunting some miles back in the country, saw cane within a mile of the present town of Washington, built camp, and planted corn."

They had found the long sought cane-land, and here Simon resolved to stay, with only one companion. As far as he knew they were the only white people in all that country; but what was that to him? Perhaps it only meant the greater safety for one whose hand was stained with the blood of a fellow-man, and who could hardly yet feel perfectly secure from pursuing justice. It was a lonely summer, and the loneliness brought no peace of mind. Nothing but incessant stir and adventure could make him for a moment forget the past. He left his companion at the camp one day and indulged a restless mood by a tramp into the woods with his gun. Ten or twelve miles to the south he fell into one of the broad traces



SIMON KENTON'S PIONEER HOME.

made by the buffaloes, which were the only roads through the dense forest. This one led him to a salt lick close by Licking river. These salt licks, where deer, buffalo, and all the animals of the wood habitually came for salt, were of course the favorite resort of hunters. Simon had soon killed a buffalo, and taking part of it for his supper sought a suitable place to camp for the night.

Our young adventurer was at this time only about twenty years old, yet he had already learned the caution of a veteran. Coming back to the lick next morning he was still within the shelter of the trees and bushes when he discovered that he was not alone. It was neither elk nor buffalo but a human being who was there before him, but whether white man or Indian, friend or foe, he could not tell. He hoped it was some white man who had wandered down the Ohio as he had done, and would be induced to cast in his lot with them. Yet he had reason to know the Indians were not going to be slow to dispute with him the possession of this fair portion of their hunting grounds, and he apprehended an encounter, which would not be the first time he had measured cunning with them.

The style of dress in those primitive days did not distinguish very

clearly the savage from his white brother, and even the skin often became so bronzed by exposure as to give no sure sign of race. At the first crackling of a twig the stranger leaped behind a tree, and now the game of wits began in earnest. The space between them could have been spanned by the load which each gun carried, but neither was willing to risk a shot at the head that dodged back and forth from behind the opposite tree, lest he should find he had killed a friend. At last one of the belligerent parties ventured upon a friendly shout; it was answered, and in a moment the two men were seated by the spring like old acquaintances.

The new-comer was Michael Stoner, who was in Kentucky with Boone, and who told Simon of the settlements in the interior.

Simon took his new comrade back to his camp, and he and Williams were soon persuaded to break up for the present and go with Stoner to visit the kindred spirits of whom they had learned. Simon only thought to leave his corn-patch for the winter, and Mr. David Hunter, one of Mason county's oldest citizens, says he was back again in 1776, bringing Boone with him, and that they planted corn together there that year. But Boone was well content with the rich lands he had already acquired, and the Indians soon became so troublesome on the Ohio front that even Simon was obliged to desert his favorite camping ground for some years.

These intervening years, however, were not uninteresting. Watching as a spy along the line of the Ohio (1777-1778) he learned more and more of that prudence which is linked with courage, yet without unlearning the daring which is ready to risk life for a comrade. It was ever one of his proudest memories that during this very period, while he was still a youth, he had it in his power to save the life of Boone himself.

One long year of the time he spent in captivity (1778-1779) and learned never-to-be-forgotten lessons of Indian cruelty, and one of disinterested kindness, equally ineffaceable, from the trader's wife who aided his escape at Detroit. He had fought desperate battles with the Indians, side by side with Boone, Clark, and others, and guided many an immigrant through perilous paths to comparative safety within the settlements. But of far greater import than all these to Simon Butler, as he was known, was the day when, among a party of travelers, he discovered one from his old home county in Virginia, and the dread and horror that had followed him all these years gave quick room to joy, when he learned that William Veach, the man he thought he had killed, was alive and well.

Thenceforth he gladly resumed his own name, and all could see the change this blessed news had wrought. The buoyancy and joy of life he had lost on that fatal day, came back with a bound and made a new man of him.

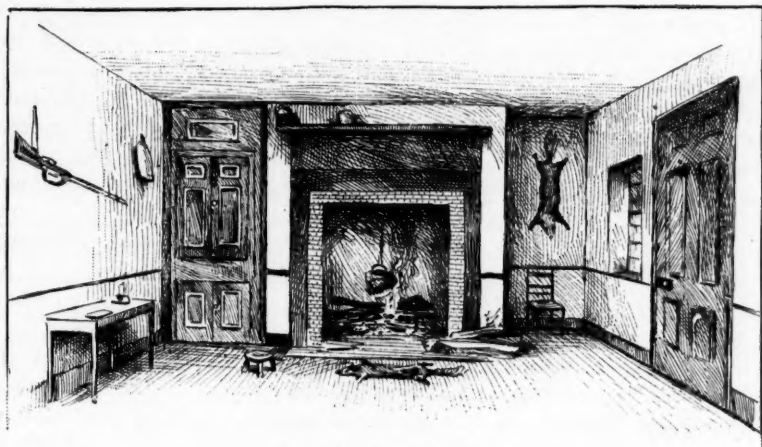
This was in 1782. He was now a man of twenty-eight, old perhaps for his years, but splendidly developed in every way; a man on whom any one would look with admiration, on whom everybody depended, and a stroke from whose sinewy arm would not leave much of any ordinary man. But it was with no intent of hostile purpose or test of strength he went back to Virginia in the fall of 1783. He was too thankful to find his old rival a living man to cherish any ill-will against him or his wife. No doubt the youthful passions had burned themselves out long ago, and his only thought of the woman would be one of curiosity. But he wished to bring his father and mother back with him to Kentucky, to make up to them for the years of filial duty which his rash boyhood's act had rendered a blank.

Through his personal influence and exertions a fort had been built on Salt river, where he had already prepared a home for his family, for the Indians were still too troublesome on the Ohio to admit of his taking them to that point, however much he might desire it. Yet he did not fail to watch his opportunity to get back, for if there was one spot on earth he loved better than any other it was that where he had first found the cane—that acre of ground where he had planted his first corn and raised his first crop *on his own land*. In the fall of 1784 he ventured to build a cabin near his beloved corn-patch, and began to look about for emigrants to unite with him in building a fort. Among the first families who joined him were those of John Dowden and Rev. William Wood. Thereby hangs a possible romance.

This redoubtable pioneer Simon Kenton had, as we know, early tasted of the tender passion to his sorrow. Having reached the zenith of his manhood, he revisited the scene of his early love and found his heart healed of its wound. Within two years thereafter this John Dowden and family join him, and the family includes a daughter pleasant to look at, modest and industrious. And now we come to the sequel of a courtship. Among the oldest records of Bourbon county, in which this settlement was at first included, occurs the following entry:

"Married, by virtue of license from James Garrard: Simon Kenton to Martha Dowden, May 14th, 1787." Signed, William Wood.

Here then he anchored at last. He might go and come as the interests of the infant colony should demand, but his heart was doubly where home and wife both bound him. He naturally considered himself the owner of all that region of country, and he sold his broad acres in quite a lordly way to any who came to buy. Seven hundred acres were bought by one company who aspired to be the founders of the first town on the Ohio boundary. Rev. William Wood was of the number, and also Arthur Fox.



SIMON KENTON'S LIVING-ROOM.

Quite early in the history of the infant town, a second Mr. Wood took up his abode there, whose little daughter is mentioned as the first child born in the town; and we learn from her daughter that two little girls, this Dolly Wood and Betsy Fox, were born that same day in the very same room.

Thus in course of time there sprung up within a mile of Simon Kenton's station a thriving village, which, in honor of the young nation's hero, received the name of Washington. It was laid out very pretentiously for the city of northern Kentucky, and made rapid strides in that direction until Maysville gradually gained precedence from being on the river. As the Indians retreated before advancing civilization, the settlers one by one ventured to forsake the protection of the palisaded fort and build themselves comfortable houses in the neighboring town. But for once Simon Kenton was content to be left behind, and built his new house close by his original corn-patch.

"Ah," said a Mason county friend, when I mentioned the *spell* that corn-patch had woven around me, "his old house is standing there still." Thenceforth, like Simon Kenton, I knew no peace of mind until I could make a pilgrimage to the spot. Puffing, whistling, clattering, our train steamed into Maysville one evening, and as the bustling, noisy engine passed out of sight, we felt the restfulness of nature's sunset stillness.

Greeting the friends who were waiting with their carriage, we were soon driving up the long hill out of Maysville, enraptured with the beauty that tempted our eyes in every direction. We tried to imagine ourselves in

Simon Kenton's shoes, roaming the forest clad hills, with the hoot of the owl and the cry of the panther stealing on our ear in the gathering twilight. And as we lost sight of Maysville on the river's brink, we pictured to ourselves the tall cane-brakes, where buffalo grazed and Indians hid, yet the delight of pioneer's eyes because they mean rich land. It was soon noised about what had brought me to the neighborhood, and with true hospitality every one was ready to aid and abet me in my researches. As we gathered in the home circle that evening, one of the ladies said: "I can tell you a good deal about Simon Kenton's house, for it was my grandfather, Samuel Tebbs, who bought it from Simon Kenton, adding some rooms to the east to accommodate a large family. It passed successively to his daughter, Mrs. Tom Forman, who was my aunt, and to her husband's brother, Joe Forman, and in 1860 or thereabouts was sold by the latter to Dr. Marshall, who pulled down my grandfather's addition to build a handsome front, sparing the oldest portion, as he told me, because built by Kenton. From him it came into the hands of its present owner."

It was easy to verify the sale of property by Simon Kenton to S. B. and T. Tebbs, and notwithstanding, as recorded in the county clerk's books, its boundaries are so largely designated by trees, bushes, and rocks, it is not difficult to ascertain with some degree of certainty that the land on which this house stands was the tract then sold, with appurtenances, etc.

This house was, of course, the centre of interest for the time, and we chose an early evening to drive to it, having in company the granddaughter of Samuel Tebbs who succeeded Simon Kenton in possession, and a near relative of Joe Forman who bought it of his brother, Samuel Tebbs's son-in-law. The lady who lived in the historic house kindly bade us go where we would and see all we could, opening for us the door from the large, handsome hall of the new front building into the older part of the edifice. "We stood, indeed, on historic ground." The great, wide fireplace, still to be traced though built up, must have been six by five feet; and the high, narrow cedar mantel, taken away but a few years since, was well remembered by several of the party. In the same wall are two deep cupboards, one above the other, with doors of the all-abounding walnut, richly darkened with age. The small room and the little entry containing the stairway are to the north of this large room. In the northwest corner chamber over this there is a narrow stairway leading up over the deep-silled window to the garret. A tradition hangs about the place, that the first Mrs. Kenton, having been up in the garret spinning flax, fell down some narrow stairway and ne'er went up again—in short, broke her neck. It may have been this stairway, or that which some one tells us used to go

up on the outside, long since taken away. It was a sad ending to the pretty little romance of the great pioneer's second love; a sad fate for the buxom maiden who had so abundantly consoled him for his early disappointment—the industrious little wife who was doing her best to prove a true helpmeet in the establishment of his fortunes. As we came downstairs again, haunted by the pathetic ghost of the industrious housewife, we stopped to take one more look at the old family-room. A peep into the quaint old closet recalls another incident which had been told at the dinner-table.

Little Dolly Wood lived to be eighty-six years old; she remembered as a girl in her teens having spent a day with Mrs. Kenton at this house. It must have been the second Mrs. Kenton, for in 1798 the intrepid pioneer took to himself another wife, one Elizabeth Jarbo, and Dolly Wood was only twelve years old at that date. On that memorable day Dolly helped Mrs. Kenton to set the little table, taking the dishes no doubt from this very closet, and then watched her bring forth the *corn-bread* and *tea*. Perhaps the child's face fell a little when she found that was all, for Simon Kenton was considered one of the grandees of the neighborhood. Mrs. Kenton's French blood gave her quick insight, and the unvarnished sincerity of those days sounds like curtness as she answered the girl's thought with: "It's as good as we deserve, child."



GENERAL SIMON KENTON.

Externally the house is of frame, except that south wall of stone that has been rebuilt, very much dilapidated now with roof sloping down to first story. A small, square, four-pane window opens westward from the garret, which is only over the one main room. This very window may have served Kenton for a port-hole in firing at the Indians, as from 1788 to 1793 were stirring times on the Ohio. A bloody conflict was no rare occurrence, until that last incursion when Kenton with a small party ambuscaded the Indians at the fort and killed or scattered them all. Kenton's hospitality was equal to his means; this house was always generously open to the wealthy emigrant and the benighted traveler.

Troubles of another kind than red-skins were gathering around Kenton's devoted head. We think of him as he walked the earth in those

days, unlettered, it is true, and with only the refinement which springs from a noble and generous nature; but a king among men as the lion among beasts, in strength, in courage, in honesty, uprightness and boundless hospitality, and in many other manly virtues—and then we turn regretfully to the record of disappointments and injustice that embittered his last days. He was ignorant as a child in the ways of the world, no match for speculator or sharper. The beautiful cane-lands he knew he had won in fair fight from the savages, it was hard if he had to defend them from the white man too; yet, owing largely to his own carelessness, acre after acre of these very lands fell into the hands of those who could never have earned them by the bravery and hardihood which was the first price.

Valiant pioneer as he was, he was ill qualified for the management of a large estate, and what he did not lose by irregular surveys, etc., he was obliged to dispose of for debt, until, harassed by intolerant creditors, with nothing left of all his vast possessions but the few acres around his home, he sold that and removed to Ohio to try his fortunes once more in the wilderness. Mr. Hickson of Maysville tells me, on well-authenticated data, that when he left Kentucky he carried with him not only his second wife, but his *two mothers-in-law*—think of it!—and that they lived happily together for some years. What an amiable man he must have been! His fame as a soldier preceded him to his new home, and he was very soon elected brigadier-general of Ohio militia. Once after this, in 1813, we find him fighting among Kentucky troops under Governor Shelby and General Harrison with all his former intrepidity, and this was probably the last fighting he ever did.

A few days after my visit to the Kenton house I had opportunity for quite a long talk with Mr. David Hunter. He has reached his eighty-fourth year, loves to talk of old times, and is delighted to recall the incidents, events, and traditions of his early life. "Remember Simon Kenton," said he: "oh, yes, I remember him well, when he was staying over there at his brother John's. You can see where the house used to be before it got burnt down, just across the fields. It was when he was in prison bonds that he was staying there, you know."

I confess I did not understand how he could be in prison and yet staying at his brother's. Perhaps I am not the only one stupid enough to think Simon Kenton, the grand old pioneer, was actually confined for two years within four walls because he could not pay his debts. In answer to my question, Mr. Hunter explained the custom of giving prisoners for debt the range of ten acres about the prison. In this case the judge allowed liberty of the *county*, and nobody objected as it was Kenton.

This was more than twenty years after he left the state. History does not tell us how the matter was finally adjusted, but Mr. Hunter says one Billy Worthington brought a bill into the legislature to have the law for imprisonment for debt repealed, or at least made less stringent, taking Simon Kenton for his text; and thus he was released.

Only once more, as far as we know, did he revisit the beloved canelands of Kentucky, and that was in 1824. There were some tracts of land in the mountains which he still claimed, though they had been forfeited to the government for taxes during his long absence. When in his seventieth year he determined to undertake the journey to Frankfort to see if he could not induce the legislature, then in session, to release them. Where he had once roamed the unbroken forests, now arose before his eyes a flourishing town. But he who had borne so conspicuous a part in the early history of the colony rode down the streets all unknown. The street boys gazed at him curiously, but no hand was stretched out in recognition. At last General Thomas Fletcher saw and knew him, and he was soon introduced and received with all honor, as he should have been. His remaining lands were promptly released from every claim and a pension voted him.

To the last day of his life his heart would glow with pride and staunchest loyalty to his adopted and best-loved state, as he told of that visit to Frankfort. When it became known that Simon Kenton was there the people gathered in numbers to see and shake hands with the old hunter and warrior. He was placed in the speaker's chair in the legislative hall, and introduced to legislators, judges, officers of government, and crowds of citizens, as the second great pioneer of the West.

From this time he lived his quiet life in contented obscurity, and died at a good old age, eighty-one, at his home in Logan county, Ohio.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

Annie E. Wilson

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS

DIFFICULTIES TO UNION; RACE AND CREED TROUBLES; UNCERTAIN FUTURE

The most patriotic Canadian at present has to confess that the affairs of the Dominion offer a very perplexing tangle. Its heterogeneous population is divided on various subjects but too well calculated to separate and irritate them, giving the political agitator and fanatic the ever-welcome opportunity of practising his trade of mischief-making, at the expense of the public peace and prosperity. Unfortunately that class in Canada, as elsewhere, is but too numerous; energetic and glib-tongued, also, in the revival of old prejudices and the promoting of fresh discord. Division, mutual suspicion and dislike are rife throughout several of the provinces. French and English show toward one another a spirit more hostile than friendly, despite all those smoothing and reconciling influences predicted of confederation and so necessary to the upbuilding of a strong, prosperous community. Ever since the execution of Riel in the Northwest for his share in the half-breed rebellion, and the slaying of the Briton Scott, these feelings have become embittered, subsequent events too often tending to recall old feuds and foster fresh enmities.

Some three years ago, the Quebec Liberals, led by the present premier Hon. Honoré Mercier, regained control of the local government, and this largely by a skillful use of French-Canadian racial feeling, or, according to many, prejudice, on this Riel question, which truly dies hard. Indeed, it may yet make considerable trouble for Quebec, Ontario, and Northwest politicians. The concession of the Jesuit demands last year by the Mercier party, in regard to the property taken from them at the conquest, the amount reaching \$300,000, though offset by \$60,000 given the British Protestants for educational objects, has but added to the pre-existing elements of disturbance. In fact the rival races and creeds have contemplated each other with even less good-will than formerly.

It was hoped by liberal and patriotic men of all races and denominations that confederation would exert a vigorous, unifying influence throughout all the provinces, and among all the dissimilar elements; but it must be admitted, great disappointment is now felt on this head. Preferences and prejudices run in the old channels, preventing that mutual attraction,

assimilation, or amalgamation so often prophesied and desired by the able promoters of that union. Many acquainted with the friendly feeling entertained by the Irish in Ireland for France and everything French, the admiration of her greatness, and especially her military power, wonder why there is not more amity between the two people in Canada. Though of the same faith, and to a large extent mutually intelligible through the knowledge of the other's tongue, those races, living side by side, and meeting during childhood and maturity, mingle but little in the bonds of domestic life. French and Irish intermarry hardly more than French and English. Many actually believe that, did no barrier of religion exist, there would be much more of intermingling of English and French than there has been, up to the present, of Irish and French. At any rate, English and French have always found a *modus vivendi* in religious matters which could, doubtless, be preserved were the bigot and the professional agitator squelched as he deserves.

One of the outcomes of the recent development or revival of race and religious hatred was the bill introduced into the house of commons lately, to terminate the official use of the French language in the Northwest territories—i. e., west of Manitoba—compelling all to use only English in legal, parliamentary, and other public business. To be sure, there is as yet but a small French-Canadian population in that region, or even in Manitoba, and presumably the great majority speak English as well as French, the great bulk of the settlers, so far, being British or English Canadians. But the French members of the Ottawa parliament, mostly from Quebec, objected to the proposal, promptly and resolutely deciding to resist the bill with all their strength.

The necessities of party, no less than the demands of race and religious prejudice, however, receive striking illustration in a mixed community like the Canadian; and, perhaps, fortunately for their interests. Whatever may be the opinion of the representatives of either race, in the abstract, in their respective combinations they have to give as well as take, conceding little provincial claims, however obnoxious on religious grounds, in one place, in order to retain provincial rights or predominance, even if occasionally exercised to the dissatisfaction of the minority, in another. So the French-Canadian politicians made the great concession, little less than the McCarthy Orange bill required, of accepting Sir John Thompson's amendment, presented for the government, of continuing the use of the French in public or official proceedings till the next local elections, when the question of its further use should be settled by the electors.

The French Canadians have won a victory, but they realize that it is

more nominal than real. Indeed, some of them feel in a position less favorable than that of a party to a drawn battle. Of course, this issue may be considered disposed of, but others remain to test the temper and wisdom of Canadian legislators. To complicate still further the sectional situation and aggravate religious prejudices on all sides, an "education bill" was passed in the Manitoba legislature, doing away with separate or strictly Roman Catholic schools, so far as state or province approbation and assistance are concerned. This measure has been vigorously, ay, violently resisted by the Roman Catholic minority; but public feeling in a province about five-sixths Protestant (population over 200,000 inhabitants, mostly of Ontario origin) has been prepared by recent events and agitations for radical and effective action. They want, in short, such a school system as Ontario and some of the maritime provinces enjoy, cheap and efficient, where only one language, the English, is taught, and no religious instruction given. The Roman Catholics use the public schools of Ontario to a large extent, but they also have separate schools where their own religious doctrines are imparted.

The Equal Rights association, one of the developments of the recent agitations, is now demanding full provincial rights—meaning the power for Ontario, despite the compact at confederation, to settle the school question (*i. e.*, the character of the teaching at the public schools) according to the views of its majority—and it is likely to obtain them. This non-sectarian system is denounced by many Roman Catholics; but the association forcibly points out that in the Quebec schools religion is taught the Roman Catholic children.

The Manitoba quarrel between the rival elements, even should it experience an early settlement, which is somewhat doubtful, may be expected to leave embers of ill-feeling capable of future mischief. The threat of physical resistance, made by an ex-member of the Manitoba cabinet, Mr. Prendergast (a French Canadian), in the event of the school bill passing, exhibits in a striking light both the temper of the speaker and the strength of the minority's feelings.

Constitution-making in the territories, or embryo provinces, is attended by other difficulties besides those springing from differences of race and religion, which threaten trouble in the future. Each new bill of rights or tentative constitution struck out, of late, in the Northwest has demanded untrammelled freedom for the proposed legislature, securing the right by a two-thirds vote, to overrule the veto of the executive.

Among other perils of the federation is the alarming growth of the debt of the province of Quebec, now about \$20,000,000, far higher per

head than that of any of the other provinces. Of course, members of the Opposition and journals hostile to the existing Liberal government make all possible capital out of the situation, some even exaggerating its less favorable and its menacing features. But the fourteen millions of debt, principally rolled up by the famous premier Mr. J. A. Chapleau, and his unprincipled followers, has now been swollen to about twenty millions. For 1890-91, the provincial receipts are estimated by the finance minister at \$3,528,672, and the expenses at \$3,425,465. A small surplus over outlay is claimed for last year also, which Conservative critics say can come only out of trust funds, deposits, or capital funds left with the government for different purposes. It is held that the sum of two millions deposited by provincial railways as security for their bondholders, and a loan contracted some time ago, will all be exhausted before July of next year; leaving, as the *Montreal Gazette* states, a trust fund of one and three-quarter millions resting upon the province, with no asset to represent it.

Tories differ from Liberals as to the correct designation of this or that fund, or the proper classification of this or the other outlay; but the unpalatable fact obtrudes itself, that the annual expenditure now exceeds by some \$400,000, the total of five to seven years ago, with a discouraging prospect of a further increase should the present system of expenditure and bonussing continue. Whether through a patriotic or selfish motive, or a mixture of both, ministers in this important central province are too ready to devote the public money to local objects of various kinds, such as new railways and other improvements, and the assistance of needy farmers, which in other provinces are usually met by local capitalists or charitable associations.

On the other hand, it is but fair to assert that the Dominion finances exhibit a healthy aspect, despite the fact that the annual expenditure has considerably increased of late years. The total debt is now \$236,236,865, marking, according to Tory contentions, a decrease of about \$4,000,000 during the year ending with last February. They also claim a reduction of \$49,858,249 in the national debt since they came into power in 1878. New loans are occasionally obtained at reduced interest, and other financial schemes adopted to achieve such objects. The Dominion has, of course, liberally assisted the Canadian Pacific railway, the construction of new canals, deepening of commercial channels, harbors, with other great useful improvements, its outlay on capital account for the expired eight months reaching \$3,847,759. It is claimed that for the same period the revenue surpasses the outgoings by \$4,315,757. The provinces, except Quebec, manage to make ends meet; some, including Ontario, adding a little to their previous surplus every year.

There is considerable agreement among the different politicians of Canada as to the unripeness of such questions as independence or annexation or any revolution at present, whatever the future may develop. Different ideas prevail in regard to the amount of time within which wholesale or radical constitutional changes might be looked for, many believing, however, that the disappearance of Sir John A. Macdonald, the present premier at Ottawa, from politics, will be the signal for a break-up of the confederation. Most of them appear to regard the existing state of things as only a temporary constitutional settlement, an experiment, or a preliminary of some more suitable and permanent settlement. Leading Liberals, like Messrs. Laurier and Charlton, still courageously avow a preference for "unrestricted reciprocity," meaning a much closer commercial connection with the United States, while other party men show indifference on this subject.

Of course, ministers and government oracles profess perfect satisfaction with things as they are, commercial as well as political, utterly failing to discover any chance for improvement, except in the unreasonableness of unpatriotic critics. But even in such quarters the possibility of future material constitutional or political changes sometimes compels expression, the language occasionally conveying the impression that such a catastrophe might be largely or wholly due to their retirement or expulsion from office by wicked and disloyal political opponents. So long as they are kept in power, however, the country is safe beyond doubt!

As regards the popular feeling touching the different schemes of the political prophets and constitution-mongers, it is divided. In fact, public opinion is not yet ready for the settlement of those questions. As, however, the natural tendency is for the greater to attract the less, and the richer the poorer, those favorable to the ultimate union of the Dominion with the adjoining Republic must keep daily increasing. Granting the fidelity of one set of Canadians toward Britain, there is another set now and again manifesting a leaning toward the United States. How could it be otherwise, in view of the circumstances of each nation? One fact impressively denotes the bent of popular feeling—the enormous and continued migration of Canadians to the Republic. Nor are the emigrants an indifferent or worn-out class; the majority are young men, and persons in the prime of life, healthy, intelligent, and ambitious, constituting the choicest material for useful and worthy settlers in town or country. About a million Canadians have already cast in their fortunes with the Republic, with every prospect of still further movement in this direction. Nearly every family in Ontario, Quebec, and the other provinces has some member

or relation in this country to-day. Many of the new residents are ardent republicans, excelling even the old-time republicans whose ancestors have helped to set up the stars and stripes as a national symbol, in their outspoken laudation of the American Union and zealous propagandism in its behalf.

Although imperial federation is not yet a live or practical issue in Canada, it may so become. M. David, the member for Montreal East, made a speech in the local house at Quebec the other day, in which he stated he would prefer federation with the United States to federation with the Empire, and moved that the house is opposed to imperial federation. One of the reasons he urged against such a movement was that it would prevent Canada from having, with the other nations, relations the most favorable to its commercial and industrial prosperity, and social and political development. Conservative organs opposed to M. David argue, and with some reason, that this means that British connection stands in the way of "commercial union," "unrestricted trade," or "zollverein" with the United States. Then, as if to prove the latent disloyalty of such politicians, as well as the absurdity of such motions on any other theory, one is again and again reminded of the declarations of leading American journals and politicians, that Canada can gain the benefits of commercial union only by the preliminary of political union. It is safe to assert that French Canadians entertaining M. David's views would not regard such an occurrence in the case of Canada and the Republic as an unmitigated calamity.

None of the other parties favorable to radical change is nearly so strong, decidedly not the Imperial Federationists nor Independents. Indeed, many believe that the latter, with not a few of other parties, seek their favorite change mainly with a view to an early union with the Republic. Certainly, any moral and sentimental bulwarks of the existing political system would not at present include a large stock of confidence in the honor and honesty of many of the Canadian public men. It used to be the fashion with the ardent loyalists to panegyrize monarchical and colonial institutions on national anniversaries and similar occasions, to draw striking comparisons between the purity, the moral dignity of their system, and the corruptness and vulgarity of the Republicans, as shockingly manifested south of the line 45°. If any such marvelous difference has existed, it would seem to have vanished of late : *ils ont changé tout cela*. Probably the bad example of the Yankees has demoralized Canadian politicians! At any rate, their legislatures in session this winter have been wrestling with startling charges of bribery and corruption, or the abuse by

public men of their positions for their private advantage. Ministers at Ottawa, as well as at Quebec, have been openly charged with allowing parliamentary supporters to acquire large amounts of public property at merely trifling prices, enabling them to realize immense profits.

Then, as if to produce the impression that the Dominion writhes under an epidemic of corruption, that the whole political atmosphere is overcharged with the foul elements of political vice, leading journals like the *Globe* and the *Mail* of Toronto denounce the Ottawa Conservative government for bribing many constituencies by means of handsome, costly public works, such as new post-offices and bridges, while other places with far stronger claims as regards population, taxation paid, and so forth, have been long allowed to go without works really needed. It is boldly stated that in many cases mentioned the chief factor in the ministerial decisions has been the friendly or unfriendly attitude of the districts concerned, or the design of converting some member open to such substantial arguments.

Great disappointment is felt in all parts with the apparent failure of the "national policy," which was to have materially improved the condition of the people and acted as a safeguard against dull times. The *Mail* of Toronto thus summarizes and comments upon this subject: "Reduced crops and low prices have injuriously affected the trade of the entire country. The trade returns show a decreased consuming capacity in the Dominion. Our imports for consumption in such staples as tea and sugar have fallen off materially. At the same time there has been an increase in the imports of manufactured goods, such as articles into which iron enters. This increase, coupled with the reduced consuming power, indicates that our manufacturing business must be falling behind. . . . The conclusion is, that if the government is to interfere with a view to restoring prosperity it should move in the direction of reducing rather than of increasing the tariff. To commence with the farmer, every one knows that it is impossible by adding to the import duties upon such products as he can grow to augment his cash receipts therefrom. The great market for grains and for cattle and their products is the foreign one. We cannot by any artificial means increase the price our products command there," etc.

Such facts have concentrated Canadian attention upon the recent course of congress with regard to the American tariff. There can be no doubt that any imposition of new duties, or increase of old, threatening Canadian trade with the States, will produce a very unfavorable impression and will be turned to the utmost account by the protectionists of the north. And, further, it will determine the action of the Dominion govern-

ment in the revision of its tariff in ways prejudicial to American interests. Some of the government and other journals show the feeling prevalent in certain quarters by hints or threats of retaliation, while organs of influence, like the *Montreal Gazette*, advocate a firm, resolute attitude toward the States, meaning a determination to make Canada's interests the first and chief consideration in any tariff arrangements or negotiations. They argue that any show of weakness or anxiety for a larger trade with their neighbors would but delay or totally prevent such a result. Undoubtedly the party in power at present inclines more to this policy, whatever the future may disclose. The Liberals, of course, mainly approve of free trade with the States, the bulk of them feeling much confidence in its probable great benefits to both sides, and they profess a strong belief in its fast-growing popularity with all classes of the people.

Any policy wearing an illiberal, coercive, or semi-hostile aspect will but militate against the early union of the two nations, even for temporary, mutually beneficial or commercial purposes. Better mutual acquaintance and greater mutual respect usually follow extended trade between contiguous states, especially when peopled by men of similar races, and generally result in more friendly feeling on each side the boundary. Such a course in this particular case will lead, ere long, to the erasure of the line dividing the two countries.

Prosper Bender

BOSTON, April, 1890.

AMERICAN BELLES AND BRIDES IN ENGLAND

A PICTURE AS SEEN THROUGH LETTERS A CENTURY OLD

One of the young British officers who came to America in 1777 was William, eldest son of the ninth Baron Cathcart, then twenty-two years of age. He had been educated at the university of Glasgow, and entered military life with every promise of a brilliant career. While the headquarters of the British army were in New York he was much in society, and in 1779 married the beautiful daughter of Andrew Elliot, who had been collector of the port since 1764. Elliot, who belonged to a notable family, had emigrated from Scotland to Philadelphia about 1746, where he settled as a merchant and married for his second wife Elizabeth Plumsted, whose name appears in the annals of 1757 as one of the belles of the Philadelphia assembly. From her portrait painted about that date she appears "to have been tall and lithe of figure, with a bright and pleasing countenance." Her sister Rebecca was married about the same time to Charles Gore, "gentleman." The handsome country seat of the Elliots in New York was just off the Bowery road, the house standing on the site of what is now Denning's dry-goods store, and they called it "Minto." They had a town house for winter occupancy in Pearl street. Elliot's daughter Elizabeth, who became the wife of Lord Cathcart, was born in 1762, thus was seventeen at the time of her marriage. She possessed great personal beauty and charming manners. Her sister Agnes Murray became the wife of Sir David Carnegie, Baronet; her sister Eleanor married first James Jauncey, Jr., of New York, and after his death Admiral Robert Digby at London, in 1784.

Lord Cathcart succeeded his father as tenth baron in 1776; and on returning to England (on account of illness contracted in the service) with his brigade in 1780 was held in great respect and soon elevated to positions of trust and importance. In 1793 he was a major-general, in 1795 vice-admiral of Scotland, and in 1812 ambassador to St. Petersburg. He accompanied the emperor Alexander through the campaigns of 1813-1814, entered Paris with the allies, represented England at the congress of Vienna, and signed the treaty of peace that followed Waterloo. He became Earl Cathcart in 1814. Many letters written by his fair young American wife after reaching England have been preserved by the descendants of her mother's sister, Mrs. Gore, and are now printed in a little volume for pri-

vate circulation, entitled *Chronicles of the Plumsted Family*, by Eugene Devereux, and they possess elements of peculiar interest. Lady Cathcart writes to Mrs. Gore (who is living with the Elliots in New York at the time), as follows:

"Golden Square (London),
Decem^{br} 4th 1780.

My dear Aunt

Thank you for your letter, you can't think how much obliged I am to you for it. We are settled here very comfortably, not elegantly, we have got a small house in Golden Square and dine constantly with Lady Stormount, or she with us, entertain nobody, and even amidst all the noise and bustle of London we contrive to be at home sometimes of evenings. I called at Colonel Clarke's this morning. He is very ill, has his fever constantly, and thinks himself gone now. Mrs. Clark has been ill, has a bad cough, but still is otherwise better. She looks miserably. They have got a very good house and very well furnished in Upper Brooke street. Poor Lord Drummond [the eldest son of the Earl of Perth, and one of the twenty-four proprietors of East New Jersey] was not you shocked to hear of his death. I saw a relation of his, a Lady Rachel Bruce, in Scotland who told me she was in mourning for an acquaintance of mine, I never was more shocked in my life. I have wrote to my mother and told her all about my dresses, &c. Mrs. Smithe is in town. I have not seen her yet, poor girl I pity her. His father is worse than nothing, he is obliged to confine himself at home. Mrs. S. is if possible more extravagant than ever on her own person. She has a very fine boy. Only think of Betty Shipton's being really married to Major Giles, I am sure I never believed her last winter when she used to talk so much about him. I think it is a very happy thing poor Mrs. Axtell's death, for she must have led a very disagreeable life. Pray give my love to Mrs. Philipse and Miss Burgess when you see them. Poor Dr M. I am very sorry for him, why does he not try the sea? My best love to Mrs. Jauncey and all the family and believe me my dear Aunt, your sincerely affectionate niece.

E. C.

P. S. Pray write me when you have nothing else to do, you can't think how happy it makes me.

To Mrs. Gore,
New York, N. America."

Graydon in his *Memoirs* says: "In the family of Mr. William Axtell (of New York) were two young ladies, both of whom were relations of

Mrs. Axtell (who was a daughter of Abraham De Peyster). One of these, Miss Shipton, had so much toleration for our cause as to marry Major Giles of our army." Mrs. Philipse, mentioned above, was Elizabeth Rutgers, who was married to Colonel Frederick Philipse of Philipse manor, in 1756. Miss Burgess became Mrs. Douglas, and it was with her that Prince William Henry danced at the ball given at New York in 1782, on the Queen's birthday. Another letter of interest from Lady Cathcart to Mrs. Gore bears date:

"(London) Jan^y 24th 1781

My dear Aunt

I wrote you by last opportunity, but as I have time I think I cannot employ it better than in writing to you, tho' there is not the least prospect of an opportunity of sending it. I hope Mrs. Jauncey is well, tell her I saw John Jauncey a week ago, he had six curls of a side and more dressed than anybody I ever saw, I am sure she would not know him again.

I was at the drawing room and ball the Queen's birth-day and I flatter myself I was one of the best dressed there. I had a pearl coloured satten trimmed with crape, rolls of gold and the finest sable ever was seen, beautiful point and a great many diamonds. I have given you a description of my dress as I think it will amuse you. Mrs. Smyth was there, she is almost as fat as her mother, I never saw anything like it. Pray write to me and tell me what passes with you; is Mrs. Giles in town and has Colonel Axtell forgiven her yet, has he got a wife? What has become of Miss Burgess, still the same? Write me all the scandal that passes. I have not seen Mrs. Montessor, she is just come to town. We have visited one another but have never had the happiness to meet. Mrs. Burton mamma and Miss Jin are in town, they have taken a house near Mrs. Montessor's. Pray give my love to Andrew, is he as much spoilt as ever? Will you tell Marianna and Emma [the writer's younger sisters] that the mocking-bird is very well but does not sing yet.

There is a young lady here that is just married, Lady Dashwood, who is very much admired. She is so amazingly like my sister that I could not help being very intimate with (her) tho' I cant help thinking my sister much handsomer, if she did not talk such broad Scotch. Mrs. Eden is very fond of Ireland, which I am glad of. . . . Pray give my love to Mrs. Kearny and Mrs. Rogers, tell them we saw a great deal of Captain Kearny at Cork. Tell mamma I have not forgot the bottle of salts she desired me to send her, but am waiting for an opportunity to send them by. I

think the people that come home forget they are to go back again, at least they do not like to be put in mind of it so that one never hears of an opportunity till it is gone (!!)

Believe me my dear Aunt ever your affectionate niece,

E. C.

Mrs. Gore—New York."

Mrs. Eden was Lady Cathcart's first cousin, being Eleanor, the second daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, Baronet, of Minto, Scotland, the brother of Collector Elliot, and she had married William Eden, third son of Sir Robert Eden of West Aukland. Miss Gage, to whom Lady Cathcart refers in her next letter, was the daughter of General Gage, former commander of the British army in America. This letter is dated :

"Albermarle street (London)

June 9. 1781

My dear Aunt

We set out for Scotland next Wednesday, and as they talk of a fleet's sailing soon for New York, I determined to write and let my letters take their chance. I know so well what a time a fleet takes to get ready after they talk of sailing that I think it may very possibly be a month yet before they go. We mean to go down to Scotland with our own horses, which will keep us a fortnight or three weeks on the road, and I am told I shall have a very dismal and tiresome journey, but I rather think it will be quite the contrary to me at least, for as the country is new to me and we shall go in a phaeton, and the family follow us in a coach, we mean to stop and look at all the places, and at everything that is worth seeing on the road.

I was not at the king's birthday, it was such a crowd and so hot that I was advised not to go and I was very glad of an excuse. The weather here has been intolerably hot for near a week together, so that at six o'clock in the morning in the shade the thermometer was above 84°, and even Lord C. was at last obliged to acknowledge that it was full as hot as he ever felt it at that season in America. It is now quite cold again so that one could almost bear a fire. As to fashions here I do not see a great deal of difference, except they wear their heads about two inches high and not very broad, with two small curls of a side, and their necks a good deal covered. They wear saques a good deal and generally with a kind of robin, but that is all fancy, always a little hoop, and I think for a morning a white poleneze or a dress they call a levete, which is a kind of gown and petticoat with long sleeves, made with scarcely any pique in the back, and

wore with a sash tyed on the left side, they make these in winter of white dimity and in summer of muslin with chintz borders.

I am very glad to hear Major Bruen is in such a good way, I hope Miss Morris will have made him happy by this time. Miss Gage thinks he will certainly be accepted. If it should happen pray say everything you can to them both for me. I am sure nobody can wish more sincerely for anything that can contribute to his happiness than I do, but I cannot help being a little angry with him for not having thought more seriously of my friend Miss B. after the pains I took to bring it about. What is become of Madame Redazel [Reidesel] is she with you still? I hope all her children are well and the general quite recovered. Pray give my compliments to her and tell her I long to see her in England. I have wrote to Mrs. Jauncey and mamma by this fleet. Believe me my dear Aunt

Your affectionate niece

E. Cathcart."

Mrs. Jauncey was in New York at her father's country seat in 1783, and her letters throw much light upon many of the events and partings prior to the final evacuation of New York by the British. January 27, 1783, she writes to Mrs. Gore, in Philadelphia: "Two or three days ago I wrote to Nelly Swift and began a letter to you, but before I had half finished, heard the commander-in-chief and a good deal of company were in the Bow Room, and as you know I have my full share of curiosity, I was tempted to leave off writing to go and try if I could hear any news, or pick up any anecdotes that might entertain you."

Sir Guy Carleton was then the commander-in-chief, having superseded Sir Henry Clinton and arrived in New York May 5, 1782, dining the same day with Admiral Digby who was in command of the British naval forces. Mrs. Jauncey further writes: "None of the family have been much in town this winter. As my father was better he endeavored but could not persuade Mrs. Elliot to go to the Ball on the Queen's Birthnight, from all accounts it was a very agreeable one, there were eighty ladies, gentlemen without number, and everything conducted in the best manner, the rooms well lighted, the ladies elegantly dressed, in short there could be no fault found. Major Beckwith, one of Sir Guy's aids (it was at Head Qrs) had the management of it and has gained great credit." Major Beckwith had been in the service of Sir Henry Clinton, and the private intelligence papers published in this magazine in 1883 were believed to be in his handwriting. He subsequently became Sir George Beckwith, K. C. B.

Mrs. Jauncey writes of preparations for leaving the country, and of Mrs.

Elliot's embarkation in one of the admiral's vessels, the *Solitaire*, in July, 1783, remarking, "The Admiral has detained it a fortnight for her to get ready. I believe he is one of the best-hearted men in the world. I declare he was always a favorite of mine." She refers in the same letter to the marriage of her sister Agnes to Sir David Carnegie, Bart., whom she says has taken a house and set up a carriage in Edinburgh. August 3, 1783, she again writes to Mrs. Gore. "Mary [Mary Rutherford, who subsequently married General Matthew Clarkson] and I dined at the Admiral's, and the next evening (Sunday) were there again at an oratorio. I suppose you will exclaim as the chief-justice did, and wonder what this world will come to—'Mrs. Jauncey at the Admiral's of a Sunday evening!' I choose to tell you myself and am prepared for your laughing at me for being capricious and changeable." Of the company entertained at "Minto," the country seat of the Elliots, at Ninth street (between Broadway and the Bowery), we have picturesque glimpses. Mrs. Skinner and her three daughters were there four or five days before embarking on the *Solitaire* for Europe. Mr. Walter Rutherford, with Mrs. and Miss Rutherford, came for a visit, and as soon as they departed Mr. and Mrs. Henry White and Miss White came out. Mrs. Jauncey states that Miss White "has the red room, and Mr. and Mrs. White have the best Bow room, but I am afraid they will not stay long after Mr. White sails, which he expects to do on Wednesday. We are quite in the Navy line at present."

A little later on the Elliots are all in Europe, and their property in New York is offered for sale. Before the end of August, 1784, Mrs. Jauncey was married to Admiral Digby. She writes August 18, 1784, from Harley street, London, to Mrs. Gore: "I put off writing until I could give you an account of a certain event which happened yesterday, and now I am so hurried, I can only tell you the house I am now in was Lord Cathcart's, 'tis a very handsome one, the first drawing-room furnished with pea green damask, the second with a tabby exactly like your gown, in short—house, servants, &c, &c, are far beyond my expectations, and the more I know of Admiral Digby the better I like him. We set off early this morning for Mintern (Admiral Digby's seat in Dorsetshire) pray write me. I do not expect to be in London again for two or three years."

Mrs. Digby was in London, however, the following year, and wrote under date of May 18, 1785, to Mrs. Gore, saying, "I have been very happy this winter with Lady Carnegie's being in town. She really is very agreeable and very happily married, but Lady Cathcart is much the handsomest. Lady Carnegie is taller than I am and larger made, and in the face thought

very much like Mr. Elliot. Sir David is sensible and good humored, but not the smallest pretensions to beauty. Lady Cathcart is at Shaw Park, she has two fine sons, and my father writes she is one of the most notable wives in Scotland. Lord Cathcart is now on duty in London. His sister, Lady Stormont, has been vastly kind to me, and is really a charming woman. Sir John, Lady Johnson, and Miss Watts have been here all winter, and go this or next month to Canada. I met them all at a great card assembly at Mr. Montressors. I have at last seen Mrs. Gage, we visited all winter without meeting, she is better than she was, General Gage is much recovered."

Mrs. Elliot writes frequently to her sister Mrs. Gore, and the picture thereby continued of the life of the various members of the family in England is rendered bright with color. July 20, 1786, she says: "We are to set off for Admiral Digby's on Wednesday, and purpose staying there some time. They are to defer their jaunt to Scotland. Lord and Lady Cathcart the children and Andrew, are all to visit her in August, so that there will be a fine collection of us. She is to take Mary to the Blanford Balls, Marianne I mean, who is as tall as Mrs. Digby and is a very fine figure, much improved in her looks, and never wants a partner at a Ball, which is saying much in her favor, as I think everywhere a scarcity of men is the complaint. We have been at three balls and one breakfast since our arrival." September 11, 1786, she writes to Mrs. Gore from "Mintern," saying: "We are at present with Mrs. Digby, and a fine large party we are, for Andrew is here on a visit, and Lady Cathcart, her two children and Miss Cathcart, Colonel Digby and Lady Lucy Digby, their children, and our family completely fill the house. Mrs. Digby is very comfortably settled. The Admiral is one of the best tempered men I ever knew, and would Mrs. Digby consent, would, I believe, never leave the country, but she really seems fond of London, a great change in her, as she was to a fault some years ago the contrary."

As the years rolled on Lady Cathcart, who was very much esteemed and admired by the royal family, was dining with them nearly every evening. In 1793 she was appointed lady of the bed-chamber to the three younger princesses. She writes to Mrs. Gore, July 14, 1793: "The King has been good enough to give me a charming house with a neat little garden, at Windsor, where we now are. The house is completely furnished, and is large enough to hold all my family, and besides that two spare rooms for any of my friends that choose to come and see me."

A STUDY OF POLITICAL PARTIES

THEIR PRINCIPLES AS SEEN FROM THEIR PLATFORMS

A government of the people, for the people, and by the people, will naturally give rise to party spirit. Leading principles of government, and not mere sentiment or opinion, is that which will cause a division of the people into parties. These principles exist in the constitution of the government; they are the principles of nationalism and separatism.

The question which first arose and caused a division of the people into parties was, How did the sovereign power of England pass to the colonies? Did it pass to the whole thirteen as one, or was there a "katakklasis"? One faction held that there was a "katakklasis," that at the time the thirteen colonies separated from Great Britain they were placed in a state of nature toward each other. This, on the other hand, was denied by the opposing party. They claimed that the sovereign power of England passed to the thirteen colonies unitedly. A few quotations will show the principles and positions the different parties took in the convention.

Dickinson said during the debate: "The preservation of the states in a certain degree of agency is indispensable. The proposed national system is like the solar system, in which the states are the planets, and they ought to be left to move more freely in their proper orbits." *

"The states," answered Wilson, "are in no danger of being devoured by the national government. . . . Their existence is made essential by the great extent of our country." When Randolph spoke of the states as being one nation, Paterson replied: "The idea of a national government as contradistinguished from a federal one never entered into the mind of any of the states. If the states are as states still to continue in union, they must be considered as equals. Thirteen sovereign and independent states can never constitute one nation, and at the same time be states. If we are to be formed into a nation, the states as states must be abolished, and the whole must be thrown into hotchpot, and when equal division is made there may be fairly an equality of representation. New Jersey will never confederate on the plan before the committee. I would rather submit to a despot than to such a fate."

In reply to what Hamilton had remarked concerning a strong government, Wilson said: "I am for a national government, but not one that

* Bancroft's *History of the Formation of the Constitution*.

will swallow up the state governments; these are absolutely necessary for purposes which the national government cannot reach."

"I did not intend yesterday," exclaimed Hamilton, "a total extinguishment of state government, but that a national government must have indefinite sovereignty; for if it were limited at all, the rivalry would gradually subvert it. The states must retain subordinate jurisdictions."

"If the states," said King, "retain some portion of their sovereignty, they have certainly divested themselves of essential portions of it. If in some respects they form a confederacy, in others they form a nation." In the course of debate, Wilson said: "A citizen of America is a citizen of the general government, and is a citizen of the particular state in which he may reside. The general government is meant for them in the first capacity; the state government, in the second. Both governments are derived from the people, both meant for the people; both, therefore, ought to be regulated on the same principles. In forming the general government we must forget our local habits and attachments, lay aside our state connections, and act for the general good of the whole. The general government is not an assemblage of states, but of individuals, for certain political purposes; it is not meant for the states, but for the individuals composing them; the individuals, therefore, ought to be represented in it."

It was during the ratification of the Constitution by the various states that party spirit reached its height. Even in some instances, as in Pennsylvania, the parties resorted to violence. This lasted but a short time, however. In 1789 the first platform was drawn by Mr. Madison and adopted under the name of the Virginia Resolution. The following extracts illustrate the principles advocated therein: "That this assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare, that it views the powers of the federal government, as resulting from the compact to which the states are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument constituting that compact, as no farther valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact; and that in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the states who are parties thereto, have the right and are in duty bound to interpose, for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits the authorities, rights, and liberties appertaining to them. That the general assembly doth also express its deep regret, that a spirit has in sundry instances been manifested by the federal government, to enlarge its powers by forced constructions of the constitutional charter which defines them; and that indications have appeared of a design to expound certain general phrases (which, having

been copied from the very limited grant of powers in the former articles of confederation, were the less liable to be misconstrued) so as to destroy the meaning and effect of the particular enumeration which necessarily explains, and limits the general phrases, and so as to consolidate the states by degrees into one sovereignty, the obvious tendency and inevitable result of which would be, to transform the present republican system of the United States into an absolute, or, at best, a mixed monarchy."

The resolutions of 1798 and 1799, as drawn by Thomas Jefferson, contained the following declaration of principle: "That the several states composing the United States of America are not united on the principle of unlimited submission to their general government; but that by compact under the style and title of the Constitution of the United States, and of amendments thereto, they constituted a general government for special purposes, delegated to that government certain definite powers, reserving, each state to itself, the residuary mass of right to their own self-government; and that whensoever the general government assumes undelegated powers, its acts are unauthorized, void, and of no force; that to this compact each state acceded as a state, and is an integral party; that this government, created by this compact, was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion and not the constitution the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself."

The Republican platform of 1800, adopted in congressional caucus, sets forth the following: "Opposition to monarchizing its features by the forms of its administration, with a view to conciliate a transition: first, to a president and senate for life; and, secondly, to an hereditary tenure of those offices, and thus to worm out the elective principle. Preservation to the states of the powers not yielded by them to the Union, and to the legislature of the Union, its constitutional share in division of powers; and resistance, therefore, to existing movements for transferring all the powers of the states to the general government, and all of those of that government to the executive branch."

The Democratic platform of 1840 declared: "That the federal government is one of limited powers, derived solely from the Constitution, and the grants of power shown therein ought to be strictly construed by all the departments and agents of the government, and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers." And in the same party's platform for 1856, it is stated: "That the American democracy place their trust in the intelligence, the patriotism, and discriminat-

ing justice of the American people; that we regard this as a distinctive feature of our political creed, which we are proud to maintain before the world as a great moral element in a form of government springing from and upheld by the popular will; and we contrast it with the creed and practice of federalism, under whatever name or form, which seeks to palsy the will of the constituents and which conceives no imposture too monstrous for the popular credulity."

The following declaration was embodied in the Democratic platform of 1864: "That the convention does explicitly declare, as the sense of the American people, that after four years of failure to restore the Union by the experiment of war, during which, under the pretense of a military necessity of a war power higher than the Constitution, the Constitution itself has been disregarded in every part, and public liberty and private right alike trodden down, and the material prosperity of the country essentially impaired, justice, humanity, liberty, and the public welfare demand that immediate efforts be made for a cessation of hostilities, with a view to an ultimate convention of all the states, or other peaceable means, to the end that at the earliest practicable moment peace may be restored on the basis of the federal union of all the states."

The Republican platform of the same year contained this statement: "That it is the highest duty of every American citizen to maintain, against all their enemies, the integrity of the Union and the paramount authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States; and that, laying aside all differences of political opinions, we pledge ourselves, as Union men, animated by a common sentiment and aiming at a common object, to do everything in our power to aid the government in quelling, by force of arms, the rebellion now raging against its authority, and in bringing to the punishment due to their crimes the rebels and traitors arrayed against it. That we approve the determination of the government of the United States not to compromise with rebels, nor to offer them any terms of peace, except such as may be based upon an 'unconditional surrender' of their hostility, and a return to their allegiance;" . . .

In the Democratic platform of 1872, we find the following plank embodied: "That the original basis of our whole political structures is consent in every part thereof. The people of each state voluntarily created their state, and the states voluntarily formed the Union; and each state provided by its written constitution for everything a state could do for the protection of life, liberty, and property within it; and each state, jointly with the others, provided a federal union for foreign and inter-state relations."

The Republican platform of 1876 has the following declaration of

principle: "The United States of America is a nation, not a league. By the combined workings of the national and state government, under their respective constitutions, the rights of every citizen are secured, at home and abroad, and the common welfare promoted." In 1880 the same party declared in its platform: "The Constitution of the United States is a supreme law, and not a mere contract; out of confederate states it made a sovereign nation. Some powers are denied to the nation, while others are denied to states; but the boundary between the powers delegated and those reserved is to be determined by the national tribunals."

The Democratic platform of the same year reads: "Opposition to centralization and to that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments into one, and thus to create a real despotism; no sumptuary laws; separation of church and state for the good of each; common schools fostered and protected."

Here is a distinct enunciation of the two principles embodied in the Declaration of Independence and in the Constitution of the United States, *i. e.*, the principles of nationalism and separatism. From the inception of the government to the present time the fundamental principles have been espoused by the two great parties, and from time to time, as the exigencies arose, these principles were placed directly in issue by declaring them in their respective platforms. Whether these declarations were in favor of a strong or weak government; whether in favor of national rights or state rights; whether in favor of centralization or decentralization, they all rest upon the fundamental principles of nationalism and separatism. These principles are to-day as alive and active in the Constitution as they were in the beginning. In illustration of this, a few quotations from articles published within recent years by eminent thinkers of political science, and a reference to the congressional records, may be advisable. David Dudley Field, one of our foremost jurists, in an article entitled "Centralization of the Federal Government" in the May number of the *North American Review* for 1881, shows where the national government has encroached upon the rights of the state, and he points out, by means of many acts of congress, the tendency toward centralization. He says in the same article, after pointing out and commenting upon the different acts of congress, first, "That these acts are, in themselves, a displacement of state power far beyond anything written in the early days of the Constitution, and probably far beyond anything then thought to be possible;" second, "That the theory on which they rest would, if carried to its logical result, lead to the practical absorption in the general government of all the chief functions of sovereignty."

In the October number of the *North American Review* for 1884, President Julius H. Seelye writes on the "Moral Character in Politics," in which he says: "The Democratic party has taken its ground upon liberty; it has made freedom its primary care. Government with it has had the secondary place, and the consent of the governed the first. From the outset this party has held everything subservient to its own independent will. It has sought only what it chose, demanding a self-government, with a clear emphasis of the 'self.' The attempted secession of the southern states, which claimed the right to set up for themselves because they chose to have it thus, was the consistent application of the Democratic principle. The position of the Republican party has been the exact converse; its eye has been pre-eminently on the law. While the Democratic party has sought for liberty which should determine their law, the Republican party has looked for law which should maintain their liberty."

In the December number of the same *Review*, for 1886, S. S. Cox says, in an article on "The Democratic View": "The salient creed of the Democratic party is found in its exposition of the federal system, with its declaration of limited powers, state rights, and anti-consolidation. Jefferson was its political Copernicus. The civil war interrupted, but did not destroy this exposition."

Again, the congressional records show that the same principles are maintained by the different parties in the debate upon the army appropriation bill in the year 1879. The parties took the same position they did more than a century ago, when the question of a standing army arose. When the Marshall appropriation bill came up for debate in the same year, the doctrine of state sovereignty was revived with all the vigor and force that the supporters were capable of before the civil war.

This all tends to show that these fundamental principles are still active and alive in our Constitution. When they are placed in issue they cause the same division of party that they did at the formation of the government. They are formative elements, and as such the foundation for parties. Every citizen ought to thoroughly understand the meaning and extent of these principles, and any important issue that may arise in a campaign he should view from their standpoint, for the American government is a "mixed system of national and state organization."

Franklin A. Becker.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

BISHOP JONATHAN MAYHEW WAINWRIGHT

1792-1854

Among the clerical characters of prominence in the Episcopal church during the second quarter of the present century, no one was better known than Bishop Wainwright, who was considered one of the first pulpit orators of his day. He was active in promoting every good work outside of the church as well as in, wielded great social influence, was a ripe scholar, and a devoted lover of music, contributing largely toward its improvement in the churches of his denomination.

He was admitted to deacon's orders by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Griswold in Providence, Rhode Island, in 1816, being then about twenty-four years of age. Not long afterward he was ordained priest in Christ's church, Hartford, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Hobart, and in 1818 became the rector of that parish. The next year he was called to be assistant minister of Trinity church, New York, and was received with great favor. Early in 1821 he was assigned to the rectorship of Grace church. The Hon. John A. King said, "My acquaintance with him commenced when he became rector of Grace church. He had enjoyed the highest advantages for education, and had improved them most diligently: even a slight acquaintance with him revealed the fact that, while he had large stores of general knowledge at command, he was specially an adept in classical and polite literature. He was decidedly fond of music, painting, statuary, and everything pertaining to the fine arts, and his taste was excellent. His manners, without any air of formality, were gentle, graceful, dignified, showing the highest culture, and worthy of the highest office in the church. His discourses in the pulpit uniformly presented some important truth or truths in elegant style, though without much ornament or attempt at elaboration. His manner, like his style, without being stately or studied, evinced the most careful culture; and it would not surprise you, after listening to him, to hear what was actually the case that he had once been a teacher of elocution at Harvard college. There was not a rough point about him, and there was an admirable harmony of the outer and inner man, of the intellectual, moral, and even physical qualities. He was one of the most faultless men I ever knew, and withal had great positive excellencies; but so complete was the blending of the different qualities, that you had far more pleasure in yielding to the impression which his

character as a whole made upon you, than in resolving it into its original elements, or analyzing its distinctive features. The bishop was fully the medium size, well proportioned, with regular features, and an expression indicative at once of benevolence and refinement."

In 1834 he was persuaded to accept the rectorship of Trinity church, Boston, but he returned at the end of three years to New York, and St. John's church henceforward became his immediate charge. The amount of official and benevolent labor which he performed was remarkable—he was one of the most active and industrious of men. He was secretary of the board of trustees of the General Theological seminary from 1828 to 1834, a member of the diocesan standing committee the greater part of the same period, and afterward was for many years a trustee of Trinity school, a trustee for the society for the Promotion of Religion and Learning in the State of New York, a manager and vice-president of the New York Bible and Common Prayer Book society, a trustee of the Tract society, a member of the executive committee of the General Sunday-school Union, and he aided materially in the establishment of the university of New York. He was also for many years secretary of the house of bishops. In 1852 he represented the Episcopal church of America at the celebration in Westminster Abbey, at the close of the third jubilee year of the ancient society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He had already received the degree of D.D. from Union college in 1823, and the same from Harvard in 1825; but while in England on this occasion he was honored by the university of Oxford with the degree of D. C. L.

The Rev. T. W. Coit, D.D., who was associated with Bishop Wainwright in the preparation of the standard text of a Prayer Book, said: "When we met together over the Prayer Book, I expected to find a gentleman altogether amiable and delightful as a companion. But I frankly confess I did not expect to meet such a thorough and unsparing *worker*. Why, nothing would satisfy him short of a revision of the volume, page by page, line by line, letter by letter, and figure by figure, from title down to colophon! He actually read the entire volume aloud to me, with the most pragmatistical precision. It was my business to look over the authorities and to call his attention to the slightest variations, and many a hearty contest did we have over a comma or an italic. He would sometimes do this for ten hours upon a hot and sleepy summer's day, till I was exhausted if *he* was not."

Roy Singleton

DISASTERS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

1827-1888

A steamboat filled with passengers, gliding over the surface of the water, forms a pleasant sight of a sunny afternoon; but when the winds blow and the white foam dashes high, then is the time for scientific knowledge and unwavering action. When one considers the small number of lives lost in comparison with those who travel in safety, the results of navigation are at once apparent.

One of the first disasters on Long Island sound occurred March 22, 1827—the *Oliver Ellsworth* of the Hartford line, whose boiler burst just after passing the Saybrook light on her way to New York. Stephen Lockwood of New York was fatally scalded; a fireman named Peck and six passengers were seriously injured. Among those on board who rendered great assistance to the sufferers was the Rev. Gardiner Spring, D.D., of the Brick church, New York. A strong wind blowing from the southwest caused the *Ellsworth* to roll uncomfortably after the accident, and she was finally towed to New York by the *McDonough* of the same line.

On Saturday, September 11, 1830, the steamboat *United States*, Captain Beecher, of the New Haven line, exploded while passing through Hell Gate. The *United States* was approached by the *Citizen* and the Hell Gate ferryboat. Mr. Woodruff, superintendent of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island, starting out in his own boat, picked Mr. Ephraim Wooster, sixty years old, a merchant of Derby, Connecticut, out of the water and carried him to his own house, where he died in fifteen minutes. Hiram N. Clark was supposed to have been drowned; while a fireman, the colored hands, and a waiter-boy were fatally scalded.

On May 14, 1831, at midnight, the steamboat *Chancellor Livingston* of the New York and Providence line, coming out of New Haven, struck the *George Washington* when off Stratford, carrying away the guard-rail and killing the second engineer. The captains being down-stairs, both boats were in charge of the pilots. The *Washington* sunk in forty-five minutes after the passengers, sixty in number, thirty thousand dollars in specie, and much small freight had been transferred to the *Livingston*. Two passengers were drowned.

January 13, 1840, on a cold winter's day, the *Lexington* left New York

at three o'clock in the afternoon. At half-past seven o'clock, when off Eaton's Neck, smoke was discovered and an alarm sounded. The boat was on fire, the woodwork near the forward deck having ignited from the machinery. Intense fear prevailed. Captain Childs ordered the hands to the buckets, and turned the boat toward Long Island. The life-boats were lowered, but one was lost, and two were swamped by the motion of the vessel. The flames in the centre cut off communication from either end of the steamer, and when within two miles of the shore the engines suddenly stopped. A pile of cotton bales lying upon the deck were thrown overboard. Upon these some of the passengers jumped, while others remained hanging to the railings to perish in the flames as the *Lexington* drifted back into the sound. Those on the bales pulled out cotton which they stuffed into their breasts to keep from freezing. Out of one hundred and fifty passengers four survivors lived to tell the story: they were Captain Charles Hilliard, formerly of the *Mississippi*; Captain Manchester, the pilot of the *Lexington*; Charles Smith, a fireman—all of whom were picked up by the sloop *Merchant* at eleven o'clock the next morning—and David Crowley who was miraculously saved after drifting on a cotton bale two days and three nights, reaching the shore at Riverhead in an exhausted condition, and attracted by a light in the window of a farmhouse, felling fainting at the door. Mr. Crowley until recently was the mate of the *Massachusetts*. Eighteen thousand dollars in specie and seventy thousand dollars in bills were lost on the *Lexington*. Fifteen thousand dollars were found in the pocket of David Green, agent of the "Minot Shoe Company" of Philadelphia, whose body was discovered in a life-boat frozen in the cove at Stony brook.

On Friday, November 27, 1846, a terrible disaster happened to the *Atlantic*. The *Atlantic*, spoken of at the time as the "superb steamer," was a new boat and began running early in that summer. It was owned by the "Boston and Worcester Railroad Company," and valued at one hundred and forty thousand dollars. It was during one of the most severe gales ever experienced on the sound that the *Atlantic*, due at New London at ten o'clock Thursday evening, did not arrive until two o'clock on Friday morning, which on this year was Thanksgiving day. Starting out of New London with seventy passengers for New York, it had scarcely got outside of the harbor when all were startled by an explosion—a heavy lurch of the sea had burst the steam-chest, rendering the engines useless. Captain Duxan ordered the anchor to be cast, which proving insufficient another was dropped to the bottom; still the *Atlantic*, driven by the roaring winds, continued to drift, when a third anchor, heavily spiked and

attached to a strong cable, was thrown overboard. The smoke-stack and paddle-boxes were now cut away, and it seemed probable for a while that the boat would be held in its position; but a sudden wave with a terrific roar of wind burst the cable, and again the steamer was at the mercy of the gale. The steamboat *Mohegan*, from New York, arriving at New London at eight o'clock, having discharged her passengers, started out to the relief of the *Atlantic*, and after several ineffectual attempts to render assistance returned to New London. The *Massachusetts*—drawn by the distress signals—had gone toward the *Atlantic*, but thinking her passengers had been taken off by the *Mohegan*, went on her way. The *Atlantic* drifted twenty-two miles in the wake of the gale, and at eleven o'clock the next morning was driven with great force on the rocks of Fisher's Island. As the boat struck, the promenade deck fell, killing one-half of the passengers, who were either crushed, buried, or frozen, while the boat was dashed to pieces. Another effort to rescue those who survived was made at this time by the fishing-smack *Planet*, manned by fifteen fishermen; the smack was wrecked, while the fishermen reached the shore with great difficulty.

Doors and shutters had been made into rafts, while each of the passengers, with a life-preserver, stood covered by blankets, bedding, etc. Those who escaped with their lives climbed over the rocks and found refuge in the farmhouse of Mr. Winthrop, a mile from the shore. At three o'clock Friday afternoon all that remained of the *Atlantic* was the engine, walking-beam, shaft, and wheels—one of the boilers being blown some distance from the engine. The upright beam remained on the wreck, with the bell rung by the wind. Forty-five persons perished, including the captain. Among them were Dr. Haslin, United States navy, Lieutenant Norton, United States army, and Rev. Mr. Armstrong, secretary of the American Board of Missions. The funeral services of Captain Dustan on Staten Island are spoken of as being peculiarly impressive. Mr. Gould, agent of the Adams Express Company, encased a large sum in bank-bills in a barrel, which was thrown overboard; the barrel was found three miles away, and the money recovered.

On September 8, 1853, the *Bay State* left Fall River with one hundred and sixty passengers. When off Black Rock, between Bridgeport and New Haven, the crank-pin broke, and, falling upon the boiler, in the next revolution caused an escape of steam. Some of the passengers escaped injury by climbing out of the stateroom windows, but others, rushing into the saloon, were scalded. Captain Browne caused distress rockets to be sent off, when the *Connecticut* came alongside and took off the passengers,

the *Bay State* remaining at New Haven. Among the passengers were the family of Mr. W. F. De Wolfe of Chicago, Illinois, comprising ten persons, five of whom were scalded: Mrs. De Wolfe; Miss Eliza De Wolfe, age 16; Miss Charlotte De Wolfe, age 14; Miss Mary De Wolfe, age 10; Miss Maria De Wolfe, age 8. Two daughters, Misses Charlotte and Maria, died the next day at the city hospital. The other scalded passengers were Mr. Wilson and Miss Doremus of New York, Miss Haven of Fall River, Mr. J. E. Abbott of Boston, Charlotte Snow and Mr. T. Warren of Dartmouth, Mass. Miss Haven and Mr. Abbott were taken to the Astor House, the others were sent to the city hospital. Fortunately two physicians were on the *Bay State*, Dr. Howe of Philadelphia, and Dr. C. V. Beemis of Medford, Massachusetts, whose timely aid greatly alleviated the pain of the sufferers.

On the morning of April 3, 1855, the propeller *Charles Osgood*, Captain Smith, running between New York and Norwich, took fire near Throgg's Neck. The deck being loaded with cotton and inflammable materials, forward of the engine, caused the flames to dart upward, giving a bright light in the darkness. The steamers *Plymouth Rock* and *Bay State* coming up sent six streams of water on the fire, which was subdued in two hours. The propeller lost her masts, sails, and freight on deck.

On July 26, 1856, the *Empire State*, leaving Fall River at a quarter past seven o'clock, touched at Newport and proceeded on her way to New York. When opposite the revolving light at Point Judith, the steam chimney burst on the starboard side, admitting the steam to the deck. Captain Brayton immediately anchored the boat, and, getting up steam in the other boiler, returned to Fall River where the passengers, two hundred and twenty-five in number, were placed on board the *State of Maine*. In the explosion a fireman was blown overboard and lost, while six persons were fatally scalded, including the third engineer, fireman, head-waiter, and bartender.

August 14, 1857, on a bright starlight night, the *Metropolis* sailing from Fall River was between Falkland Island and New Haven at two o'clock in the morning; Captain Brown having retired the boat was under the charge of the first pilot, William H. Lewis, who descried the headlight of the propeller *J. W. Harris*, Captain Leonard Smith, approaching at a point "heads on." The sail of the propeller being spread, it was mistaken for a schooner and allowed to course to the leeward. The boats collided, the *Metropolis* striking the *Harris* between the masts and sinking it in a very few minutes. The engines of the *Metropolis* were immediately reversed and her boats lowered. The *Harris* belonged to the New

York, New London and Norwich line. Besides carrying a number of passengers, it had a valuable cargo of groceries, provisions, dry goods, and iron. Most of the passengers, who had been seated on the deck, had retired to their berths. Out of twenty-seven persons sixteen were drowned; among them were three little children of Captain Smith.

On January 3, 1859, the *C. Vanderbilt* left New York at four o'clock, and proceeding on her way was overtaken during the night by a gale accompanied by a heavy snowfall. On passing Saybrook it was impossible to discern any other light. Running at a slow rate of speed the lead was cast at intervals, and yet when it was thought that the steamer was at "Bartlett's Reef Light" no response was heard, while the soundings showed that the steamer had gone from thirty to ten fathoms of water. The anchor was now cast, but by the force of the wind was dragged on the bottom. In a short time the passengers were startled by a jar, when it was found the *Vanderbilt* had run ashore on the west extremity of Fisher's Island, and within three hundred yards of Race Point, a spot most dreaded by sound pilots during a storm. Fortunately the "point" was not struck. A hawser was sent ashore and the boat was made fast to a rock. The passengers, whose fears had been quelled by the officers, were now obliged to wait until daylight, three weary hours, when all were sent ashore in boats. A solitary wooden house stood upon the shore; it was the government life-saving station, where all were sent. A fire was kindled, and provisions, water, cooking utensils, mattresses, blankets, etc., were brought from the boat. The entire day was passed in a room fourteen by twenty feet, where seventy-one passengers and twenty waiters and attachés of the boat all crowded together. When night came the lamps were lighted, and Mr. Vincent Collyer of New York, after returning thanks for the safe delivery of the passengers, asked that "Old Hundred" be sung, in which all joined.

On the following morning each passenger went out clad in a blanket marked "*Vanderbilt*," and entering wagons and ox-teams were taken over the barren hills covered with snow, while the calm, silent waters of the sound broke against the shore. Proceeding a distance of six miles to West Harbor, where Captain Frazee had provided two fishing-smacks, the discomfited passengers were taken to Stonington.

On October 24, 1859, the *Long Island*, plying between New York and Norwalk, struck on the rocks and sunk near Sands Point. The *Mayflower*, Captain Wood, passing at the time on her trip to Oyster Bay, took off the passengers, who framed a set of complimentary resolutions to Captain Wood. On October 31, 1859, the *Traveller* of the New Haven line, on her

way through the sound, came in collision with an unknown schooner off Throgg's Neck, and was so injured as to be unable to proceed. The next morning the passengers were brought to New York by the *Elm City*. On November 2, 1859, two days later, the *Champion*, running in the place of the *Traveller*, collided with the propeller *Albatross* of the Providence line. It was at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon the *Champion*, on her way to this city, met the *Albatross* off Matinick Point, and notwithstanding the signals, endeavoring to cross the bows of the propeller, was struck in the port bow forward of the smoke-stack, and cut down to the water's edge. The *Albatross*, taking the passengers aboard, towed the *Champion* to Red Spring Beach (Glen Cove), half a mile to the westward, where she sunk in ten feet of water. Three lives were lost—two passengers and a fireman; one of the passengers was Mr. George Steele, a well-known merchant of New Haven.

On the morning of December 29, 1865, at half-past one o'clock, the depot at Groton, Connecticut, took fire and was entirely destroyed, with thirty-six empty and loaded cars, involving a loss of one million and a half of dollars. The *Commonwealth*, Captain J. W. Williams, lay at the end of the wharf, heavily loaded with freight. It being low tide, it was impossible to move the steamer from the flames which, igniting in the bow, soon spread the entire length of the boat, the hands barely escaping with their lives. The loss of the favorite *Commonwealth* was long regretted by the travelling public. Strange to say, in just one year to a day the same company were destined to lose another steamer. December 27, 1866, the *Commodore*, Captain Curtis, left New York with one hundred passengers, and a cargo of drugs, merchandise, leather, etc., valued at \$300,000. Certainly no one thought it would be its last trip. At eight o'clock in the evening the boat encountered a terrific gale off "Stratford light." Plunging upon the waves, and shaking in every part, the *Commodore* perfectly obeyed her helm until off the "Cornfield light ship," when in the fury of the gale it became unmanageable. A terrible gust of wind stove in the bulwarks, another swept the decks of the cargo, another caused the smoke-stack to fall, the lamps crashed, while the furniture, tables, and almost everything movable in the saloon, hall, staterooms, and cabins were broken. The stoves fell over, scattering the coals, when the excitement was raised to a higher pitch by the cry of fire. Fire had ignited, but was quickly extinguished. A dense snow-storm prevailed. Many passengers were on their knees in various parts of the saloon, others were clad in life-preservers. The deck-hands, thinking it was impossible to save the boat, and obtaining whiskey, all joined in a boisterous carousal, though they were offered sums

ranging from five to twenty-five dollars to continue their work at the pumps. Passengers seizing the pumps kept out the water, while Lieutenant Noyes of the United States navy, calling the passengers to his assistance, seized hold of one of the deck-hands, and, holding him to the floor, threatened that all should be tied if their carousals did not cease. So for two hours the *Commodore* tossed on the wind and waves, until finally it ran against the sand-bar at "Horton's Point Light-House," Long Island, where it drifted into the bay two miles west of the light-house, and the anchor was thrown. While the wind increased in violence, the boat, leaking badly, stood until morning, when the passengers drenched to the skin were landed in boats. All returned to New York by the Long Island railroad.

On the night of July 2, 1868, during a dense fog the *State of New York* of the Hartford line collided with the *City of Boston* at the mouth of the Connecticut river. The *City of Boston* was struck just forward of the wheel-house, which with a large portion of the upper works, including five staterooms, was carried away. The boiler, displaced, fell overboard, which causing the boat to careen, fortunately raised the ruptured part out of the water. On the *State of New York* eight emigrants huddled in the bow were fatally scalded by the escaping steam.

On November 22, 1871, the *City of New London* of the New York and Norwich line was proceeding up the Thames river at half-past four o'clock in the morning, when fire was seen coming up through the ventilators, which being quickly extinguished the anchor, thrown overboard, was again hoisted, and the boat proceeded on her course. But just abreast of Poquetaniock cove, three miles below the city, flames again burst forth from some cotton bales. The pumps were once more started, sending out three streams of water; the flames spread with such rapidity that Captain Brown ordered the boat to be beached, and the engineer discovered it impossible to start the engine, while the passengers found the life-preservers inaccessible. Passengers and crew then threw themselves overboard and clung to such portions of the cargo or wreck as they found floating in the water. Those able to swim reached the shore without much difficulty, while others were picked up by boats and carried to the neighboring farmhouses. The wreck drifted down the river to a quarter of a mile below Halden's Island, when it was abandoned. Twelve lives were lost, among them C. B. Rogers, a well-known manufacturer of Norwich, William T. Norton, and Harrison Aldrich; also Matthew Baker, engineer, and Harry Dugan, steward.

On August 30, 1872, a dark and stormy night, the propeller *Metis* of

the New York and Providence line was run into by the schooner *Nettie Cushing*, off Watch Hill, Rhode Island. The *Metis* at the time of the collision was under the charge of the pilot, W. W. Palmer, who made every effort to avoid the schooner, but which approaching struck the *Metis* forward of the gangway, and, as it afterward proved, cut her to the water's edge. After an examination, during which the *Stonington* came alongside, it was thought no damage had been done, so both boats proceeded on their way; but in half an hour, at four o'clock A. M., the engineer of the *Metis* reported the boat to be fast making water. An attempt was made to reach the shore, five miles distant, but the bows of the *Metis* sunk. The passengers, all of whom had put on life-preservers, ran wildly about; the scene was one of utter confusion. Captain Burton ordered the boats to be lowered, one of which swamped. The distress-signal brought alongside the revenue cutter *Moccasin* and the yacht *Julia* from Watch Hill. Captain Loper's yacht, the *Josie*, also came out from Stonington. All succeeded in picking up a number of passengers out of the water, some of whom had jumped overboard. As the *Metis* sunk, the upper deck parted from the boat, and serving as a raft held a large number of the passengers who had climbed upon it out of the water. This deck raft after tossing for four hours on the waves, some being washed overboard, finally reached the shore, where it was broken in pieces on the rocks, killing or drowning a number of people. Out of one hundred and fifty-five passengers one hundred and seven were saved. Among those lost were Mrs. Howard, wife of Mr. Howard of Sharon Springs—the couple had been married but two days and were on their wedding journey; Mrs. Sheridan, wife of E. H. Sheridan of the Globe theatre, Boston; and two little boys, six and a half and eight years old, sons of E. H. Wierum of Brooklyn. The boys were in charge of Mr. C. C. Adams, an uncle, who, placing a life-preserver on each of them and on himself, holding firmly on each, jumped overboard. The boys died in a short time; Mr. Adams, after being in the water for several hours, was finally rescued by one of the life-boats.

September 28, 1878, the *Adelphia*, running between New York and Norwalk, exploded her boiler while passing Gregory's Point on her way to the city. Eight persons were killed, including Mrs. Eunice C. Boole, wife of Rev. W. H. Boole, pastor of the Methodist church at South Norwalk.

June 11, 1880, the *Narragansett*, en route to New York, collided with the *Stonington* of the same line, during a dense fog, off the Cornfield light. The *Narragansett* was struck on the starboard side just forward the wheel-house, exploding her gas-tank in the collision, setting fire to the boat. The light of the fire illumined the surrounding locality, so that many who

had jumped or fallen into the water were rescued while clinging to furniture or parts of the wreck. The boats of the *Narragansett*, lowered under the direction of Captain Young, carried the women and children aboard the *Stonington*. The *City of New York* and the *Providence* coming along also sent boats and life-rafts to the scene. Of the three hundred passengers twenty-five lives were lost, the saddest incident, perhaps, befalling Mrs. A. P. Dix of Brooklyn, who entered one of the boats with a nurse and three children and the boat capsizing, all were thrown into the water. Mrs. Dix and another lady were rescued, though the rest of the party were drowned.

On June 28, 1880, the *Seawanhaka* was proceeding up the East river, and when off Randall's Island, flames caused by spontaneous combustion suddenly took possession of the steamer with lightning rapidity. The passengers gathered in the bow, while Captain Smith, badly burned about the hands and face, ran the boat on the sunken meadows where most of the passengers escaped. Fifteen lives were lost by the disaster, including Rev. Dr. Diller, an aged clergyman, rector of Saint Luke's Protestant Episcopal church, Brooklyn; also Mamie Beach, the two year old daughter of the late Judge Beach of Glen Cove.

On January 1, 1882, New Year's night a dense snow was falling as the *Newport*, detained by the storm, left Fall River at one o'clock in the morning, started for New York, the engagements of several theatrical companies on board making the journey imperative. When off Point Judith, the schooner *Sarah W. Clark* struck the *Newport*, displacing the boiler, and making an "ugly gash," sunk immediately. The crew, probably abandoning the schooner after the collision, were all lost. In June, 1883, the *Granite State* of the New York and Hartford line, after passing through the sound turned up the Connecticut river, and while stopping at Goodspeed's Landing a fire burst out so quickly that it was necessary to slide the passengers down an awning; three persons were lost, while the boat drifting down the river burned like tinder. March 1, 1886, during the gale that lasted several days, the *Idlewild* started in the afternoon on its usual trip from this city, but was forced to find a shelter in the harbor at Cold Spring. At two o'clock next morning, the wind having moderated, it started across the sound for Bridgeport. Again overtaken by the gale, and a fierce snow-storm, it suddenly ran aground just below Bridgeport. Captain Clark ordered the passengers into the life-boats; but one boat's party, contrary to his orders, cutting the davits, started forth in the storm, all of whom were lost. March 31, 1886, the *Capital City* (formerly the *City of Hartford*), Captain Russell, proceeding slowly through a

dense fog to this city, ran aground at Rye Neck. The pilot, who had lost his bearing, thought he was at Captain's Island. The steamer, running since 1853, became a total wreck. February 10, 1887, the *Waterbury*, Captain Brooks, of the Bridgeport line, collided in a fog with an unknown schooner, which, tearing away the woodwork and a portion of the pilot-house, broke two staterooms. Anchoring off Whitestone, the steering gear was repaired, and the steamer proceeded on toward its destination. March 19, 1887, the *Idlewild* sunk the schooner *A. W. Thompson* at Willet's Point; the schooner's captain, Matthew Keenan, being killed by a blow on the head by a splinter. The crew, thrown into the water, were rescued by the steamer's boats. May 14, 1887, early in the morning, the *Empire State* burned while lying at the wharf at Bristol. The old *Empire State* was built in 1848, burned the same year, and was rebuilt in 1849, and placed on the Fall River line, a sister-boat to the *Bay State*, being then the second fastest of any of the sound steamers.

December 30, 1888, the mammoth steamer *Bristol*, Captain Davis, of the *Old Colony* line, burned at the dock at Newport, and was a total loss. The *Bristol* had arrived from New York at half-past two o'clock, A. M., and having landed all her freight and Fall River and Boston passengers, a few Newport passengers remained, with their personal baggage. At half-past six o'clock, just as the last train was leaving the depot, fire was discovered on the steamer and an alarm sounded. The fire started near the kitchen and spread with great rapidity. Streams of water were thrown upon the steamer by the Newport fire department, also several tugs, with no effect. At quarter-past eight o'clock the great hog-frame fell in. An effort was now made to draw her from the wharf, but she had settled on the bottom. The *Bristol* and its twin the *Providence*, both costing two and a half millions, were built in 1866 at Webb's shipyard on the East river. The Merchants' Steamship Company failed, and reorganized as the Narragansett Steamship Company, when James Fisk, Jr., became the nominal owner. Portraits of Fisk and Gould were hung in the saloons, while the officers and crew put on uniforms, which custom was then adopted by nearly every steamboat company.

Samuel Barber.

THE CAPTURE OF NEW YORK

BY COLONEL STEPHEN KEMBLE OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Sunday, Sept. 15th, 1776. About 9 in the morning the Reserve, 33d and 42d Regiments excluded, embarked in Flat-Boats in Newton Creek. The rest of the Army marched to the point of land opposite to Kipp's Bay and embarked there; the 1st brigade and 71st excepted, who were left at Hell Gate. About 12 the whole first Landing pulled to the shore, consisting of the Reserve and Donop's corps, covered by two 40 gun ships and three frigates, whose fire was both terrible and pleasing, and so terrible to the Rebels that they dare not come within half a mile of the shore instead of defending their lives on the shore. As we were going on shore we saw a party of about 500 Rebels, who were marching in great haste to take possession of their works in the rear of Stuyvesant's house; suppose them to be the people that afterwards fell in with the Hessians.

The Light infantry landed upon the right of the Bay, got up a rock, the grenadiers, &c., in it; the light infantry took possession of the Post on their right; the grenadiers, 33d and 42d marched through to Inclenberg Hill, and the Hessians to the left, where they met with a party of the Rebels, of whom they killed 30 or 40, and took about 60 prisoners. The grenadiers met with a small party and exchanged a few shot, Maj.-Gen. Vaughan the only person wounded and that slightly. Our loss the whole day about 3 killed and 16 or 18 wounded. The advance of the army marched to the Black Horse, and across from thence by Apthorpe's house to North River, and had very near cut off Mr. Putnam's retreat, who brought off the rebel rear guard from New York, most of whom and their troops got off by the North River road. On a survey of their works the day after, find the whole coast from Kipp's Bay to New York on the East River, and from New York to little Bloomingdale on the North River, fortified with a line of entrenchment, except where the marshes obstructed it, with a chain of redoubts and works from Jones's house across the island to Lispernard's and Mortimer's house by Bayard's mount, on which they have a fort called Bunker's Hill, the only work of any consequence or strength on the island, and tolerably well finished. It is made of sod. All the rest of their works (which are innumerable) appear calculated more to amuse than for use.—*Kemble Papers*, Vol. I., *New York Historical Society's Collections* (new vol.).

MINOR TOPICS

RED JACKET, OR SAGOYEWATHA, 1751-1830

CHIEF OF THE SENECA

The name of Red Jacket, the great Indian chief, is familiar to every American citizen of intelligence the country through, as the successor to Brant in the affairs of the Six Nations. He was young when the Revolutionary war commenced, and his principal exploits at that period were in taking messages from one military post to another for the British officers, which trusts he executed with wonderful celerity. He was rewarded on one occasion for his fleetness of foot with a gift from his employers of a richly embroidered scarlet jacket, in which he took great pride and which gave to him the name of Red Jacket. In 1792 President Washington presented him with a medal of solid silver, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace between the United States and the Six Nations, in which negotiations he had rendered important service, and this treasure he cherished with tender care until the end of his life.

He was a statesman of sagacity and an orator of surpassing eloquence, yet he never achieved great military renown, although he fought for the United States in the war of 1812. He possessed a marvelous memory, and was incontrovertible in debate, yet was capable of descending to very low cunning. His logical genius was of the highest order, and he had a resolute, indomitable will. He was a thorough Indian in his costume, was very tall, erect, with fine flashing eyes, his forehead broad, high, and capacious, his bearing calm and dignified, and his presence when speaking in council almost majestic. An eminent writer who knew him says, "He had an innate refinement and grace of manner that stamped him the true gentleman, because with him the virtues were inborn and not simulated or acquired. He would intercept the mirthful conversations of his Indian companions by assuring their white host that the unintelligible talk and laughter to which he listened had no relevancy to their kind entertainer or surroundings." He was a pagan, first, last, and always, but he loved his people and labored vigorously for the restoration of their rights. On one occasion when there was a proposal to establish a mission among the Indians, Red Jacket said: "Your talk is fair and good, but I propose this: go try your hand in the town of Buffalo for one year. They need missionaries—if you can do what you say. If in that time you shall have done them any good, and made them any better, then we will let you come among our people." Judge James Hall once asked him why he was so much opposed to the establishment of missionaries among his tribes. He said, "Because they do us no good. These men know we do not understand

their religion ; we cannot read their book. about what it contains, and we believe suit themselves." The known to the world and from their talents and ingenuity, of the state of New York, hold an They were one of the most numerous in the compact called the Six monument to Red Jacket is not memorial to the Seneca chief, but sion of American interest in the Six quois league. The movement is expected to trace the rise and fall of

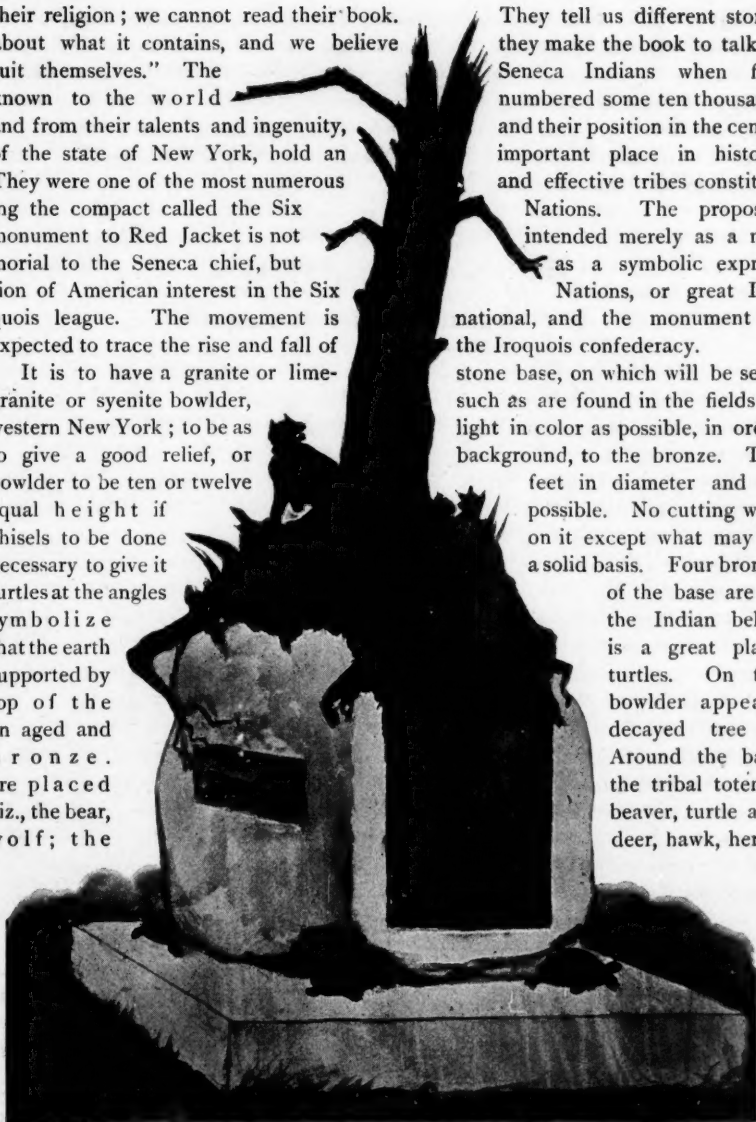
It is to have a granite or lime-granite or syenite boulder, western New York ; to be as to give a good relief, or boulder to be ten or twelve equal height if chisels to be done necessary to give it turtles at the angles symbolize that the earth supported by top of the an aged and bronze. are placed viz., the bear, wolf ; the

They tell us different stories they make the book to talk to Seneca Indians when first numbered some ten thousand, and their position in the centre important place in history. and effective tribes constituting Nations. The proposed intended merely as a memorial as a symbolic expression of Nations, or great Iroquois confederacy.

stone base, on which will be set a such as are found in the fields of light in color as possible, in order background, to the bronze. The

feet in diameter and of possible. No cutting with on it except what may be a solid basis. Four bronze

of the base are to the Indian belief is a great plane turtles. On the boulder appears decayed tree in Around the base the tribal totems, beaver, turtle and deer, hawk, heron



THE PROPOSED MONUMENT TO RED JACKET.

and snipe. The front bas-relief represents Red Jacket addressing a council of people and pointing to the aged tree above him. The expiring embers of a council fire are at his feet, and a sombre feeling seems to overshadow the countenances of the group who are listening to him. A corresponding bas-relief in the rear, or back, is intended to recall the Senecas' once happy and primeval state when in the zenith of their glory and prosperity, and when, undisputed monarchs of the forest, they called the continent theirs.

THE FORAGING EXPEDITION

TRUTH MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN FICTION*

For a moment Dorothy lost her presence of mind. She wrung her hands and began to weep. Old Uncle Timothy standing near her in the front hall kept constantly repeating: "Yes, yes, Miss Dolly, de Yankees done come to your step-ma's pa, and all de po' white trash is clean out'en their heads. I'se done tole de truf, Miss Dolly, we cayn't stay no longer. Old massa he'd be plumb mad fer you to stay. We ain't got nobody to fight: you're 'bleeged ter go, honey, and we'll make out to carry your step-ma and them two babies."

"Hush, Uncle Tim," the girl sobs, "let me think. I won't desert the house where we have lived ever since Virginia was a state. I won't run for all the northern army. My stepmother is in bed; to take her away to-night would kill her. O papa, papa! what shall I do!" The faithful slave responded, "De cap'en am a debil, Miss Dolly—he's a debil from the start up. He talked mighty impudent to Miss Brown's Lucy. He done say to Miss Brown——"

"Never mind, Uncle Tim, never mind. Let me think what to do. Papa and brother Ronald away!"—"Dis yer cap'en," proceeded the old negro, undismayed, "is out on a fringing 'spection; he say he gwine take all the horses, provisions, and pretty girls in de kentry back to he's boss, General Sheridan, and he ain't gwine leave us no kindling wood for nex' winter, 'cause he 'low he'll burn all de houses. Dey aint nothing *but* kindling, he say."

"Have you any idea how soon they will reach here?" she asked. "Did you see the captain, Uncle Tim?"—"O Lord! Miss Dolly, in' co'se I done see him. He tole me with he's own mouf dat he out on a fringing 'spection."

"On a foraging expedition." These were dread words to southern hearts, and Dorothy Dulappe heard them with terror. Her father and brother were gone—had been gone from the beginning of the struggle—and her delicate stepmother was seriously ill. The handsome country home had been their refuge during these

* This charming sketch originally appeared in one of the daily newspapers of a southern city. Its author is well known to us, and the faithful picture presented deserves permanent preservation among our treasures.

years of strife, and Dolly, with the few negro servants who had remained, kept it up as well as she could. She had a passionate attachment to the place, and displayed the executive ability often shown by women of her class. Some fields were still cultivated, horses of long pedigree and sleek coats stood in her stables. Milch cows came lowing home at night, and the garden, trim and fair, overflowed with rare Virginia roses. Now the twilight was falling on this soft June evening, and the Michigan cavalry were out on a foraging expedition. Dolly went out upon the wide white gallery, and leaned her head against a column.

A sound of rapidly approaching hoofs, the gates burst open—last but not least, the tramp of heavy boots coming toward her. Her arms were around the pillar, her face hidden. She was aware of a voice: "Is this your home, young lady? We are out on foraging duty, and I am told you have some specially good horses. The beasts will have a chance to serve their country at last. I cannot stay now to attend to the matter, but I shall leave a guard, and return myself at about eleven o'clock to-night. Be kind enough to tell me how many there are in the family."

She raised her lovely face, anxious, grief-stricken, and tearful, but still so beautiful as to surprise him. "What right have you here?" she cried. "How dare you come into my home and talk of robbing me? What right have you here?"—"The right of might," he answered. "All is fair in love and war; and by Jove! you are pretty enough to tempt a fellow to combine them."

"I thought you came here to steal my property, not to insult me," she answered.—"What is to prevent my doing both?" he said. "I can take all you possess, burn your house, kiss you twenty times, and ride away with you at last. Not that I am likely to resort to extreme measures, but you must be reasonable and not give any trouble."

"I might have known that you were a ruffian," she cried. "I was told you were a ruffian; but you are worse than I expected."—"Beauty is the Spirit of War," he quoted, with a hard laugh in his yellow beard. "You have forgotten the ancient authors and what they teach us soldiers." He gave some rapid orders to his men, posted an efficient guard, which it would be impossible to elude, and then rode away.

He left Beauty unadorned, in tears and anguish; he returned to find Beauty adorned, tranquil, disdainful. He was one of the most noted leaders of the Michigan cavalry, famous for his headlong daring, his iron will, his handsome person, and strong influence over his men. A foraging expedition was not calculated to soften or humanize him, particularly in a season of war, which made many a man's record a black one. As the large clock struck eleven, he stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall of the Dulappe mansion and faced its youthful mistress.

It was not in vain that Miss Dorothy had been a belle in Richmond, for she had learned her power. She had dressed herself in a gown of light blue which fell into the graceful trailing folds worn in those days. A white lace scarf was wound lightly over her dark hair and about her shoulders. She held an immense bunch

of keys in one hand, and the officer noticed a stable lamp already lighted on a neighboring table. She opened the conversation herself :

"You will do me the favor, sir, to listen to me for a few moments."—"My name," he interrupted, "is Douglas Moore, captain of the Eighteenth Michigan Cavalry."—"My object at present," she said, "is to meet you on your own ground. I have understood that the Yankees are fond of a bargain, and it is to a bargain that fate has forced me to descend. You are here to take away from us the very bread in our mouths, to denude the home where I was born of everything that makes it a home. You have been furthermore pleased to inform me that beauty is the spoil of war." The humor of the situation struck him. He was not accustomed to view the vanquished arrayed in their handsomest garments dictating terms to the victors. He was used to railing, to wailing, but not to the organized, lady-like abuse confronting him.

"I propose," she continued, holding up the delicate hand clasping the heavy keys, "to give you half of all that we possess—half of the jewels, plate, food, cattle, horses, everything on the place. I will give you good measure and honest dealing. It did not need your brutal words for me to see that we are absolutely in your power; that we are where cowards are glad to see the helpless, wholly at your mercy. I wish to protect the almost dying stepmother who lies upstairs, and her innocent children, my father's children. There are some sick servants, also, and many who are infirm. I am one of the few able-bodied persons left. It is for others, not myself, that I suggest this bargain."—"What is to induce me," he laughed, "to take half rations when I can have the whole?"—"You are called a gentleman," she continued, "where you came from. I know this by your speech, by the thousand unconscious methods in which such things appear. I can therefore address you on an equal social plane." His hesitation was gone in a moment: it only needed the womanly touch of appeal to subjugate him. He was ashamed to drop his gruffness all at once, and so answered: "Well, young lady, if you deal as you promise, we will see—we will see. General Sheridan doesn't approve of our speculating on our own account; but little Phil has been wheedled by the women before now. Come, come! in my original proposition there were twenty kisses at least, and now you want me to forego half of the estate and all the kisses. Give me half of all you have, and just one kiss from your pretty lips before I ride away, and on my honor as a soldier I will demand no more. What! do you refuse? I see it in your eyes. You will sacrifice the whole ailing outfit first. Here I put up my proposition at auction—half her estate and an order for the safety of the household while the army of the Potomac camps about here. Price, just one single kiss." He lifted up his hand: "On my honor as a soldier, just one single kiss. Going—going—going—"

"Gone!" she cried. "You have promised on your honor as a soldier, half that I possess for one single kiss before you ride away. You are a bad man, and a bold one. I hate you. But you are not a liar. We are safe. There does not

live on God's earth, I think, a man treacherous enough to break an oath so given." She seemed to tower above him, now, in her scorn and triumph; it struck him that to kiss her would be like kissing a flaming cloud. His gruffness was entirely gone at last. He made a low bow, such as he had been famous for in ball-rooms. There was a mingling of mockery and emotion in his heart.

"You are a very clever schemer, my dear, and you have me upon the hip. I know when I am beaten; that faculty is one of the few that I possess. In this instance, I am hopelessly beaten. If you will conduct the matter, I am quite at your service." She was still regally composed, but he was touched in spite of himself at her absolute reliance on his honor.

"You will follow me into the dining room first," she said, "and we will divide the silver." It was a handsome apartment, hung with appropriate paintings and lighted by two wax candles in silver candlesticks. She opened with a brass key the door of the sideboard. "There are two tea-sets," she proceeded. "One belonged to my great-great-grandmother, Lady Dorothy Dulappe, the other to the Falconbridge side of the family. They are both very old and of about the same value. You must choose by the difference in pattern." He was fond of bric-à-brac, and examined the ware with interest; but he did not speak. "Here are the two cut-glass bowls which papa used for punch. They are exactly alike, so I will put one on the table for you, and one back for us. Here is the gold-lined bowl the last baby was christened in. Would you be willing to take a solid silver water pitcher and waiter instead? They were presented to papa by the racing association. It would nearly break my stepmother's heart to part with the bowl." He bowed a sort of puzzled assent as she filled the long, polished table with gleaming silver and glass. Last of all she brought forward the knives, forks, and spoons. "There are five dozen of each," she said, in a business-like way: "two dozen and a half for you, two dozen and a half for us. But there is only one soup ladle. Would you mind leaving that and taking the silver mug I had when I was a baby? A cup does well enough for men to dip soup up with. Now, the last of the silver is the candlesticks." She lifted up one, pursed her red lips together and blew out the taper, then she handed it to him. He set it down sharply on the table.

"Do you expect me to ride around this country with a glass dish at my saddle-bow and a silver mug in my teeth? There is no man in our northern army mean enough to steal spoons but one. I don't want any of these things." Was there a half smile in her imperious eyes? She only took his breath away by her reply: "Oh, very well, just as you like. Only put them back again in the sideboard carefully."

She held up the solitary candle to light him at the task. "Put the silver in first and then the glass." It did not occur to him to object. He got down on his knees and packed them away. She gave him the big brass key. "It turns twice," she said: "be sure you get it locked securely. You must have learned to be very handy in the army. You put those things away better than Uncle Tim.

Now we will go upstairs." She took him into her boudoir, a simple, lovely nook, hung with dainty white drapery. There was a painting of the "Mater Dolorosa" on the wall. Captain Moore, encountering the sad eyes of the picture, felt more like a ruffian than ever. Dolly brought out her jewelry. "I gave most of mine to the soldiers' fund last year," she said, "so we have only the family heirlooms left. These were my mother's bracelets; they are just alike. You take one and I will keep one."

He closed the box himself; it clasped with a sharp spring. "I don't want these, either." She lifted up her hand at last, with two solitaire diamond rings upon it. "Choose," she cried. "Which do you prefer?" He would not have dared for the life of him to touch the tip of one pink finger.

"Let us go to the stables," he said; "I find that I am hardly up to the work of an auctioneer or—or—or—equal to being a burglar in cold blood." When they passed through the milkhouse, she noticed a sudden gleam in his eyes as they rested on the cream-topped pans. "Oh, dear!" she cried. "Why, you must be hungry!"—"Not in the least," rejoined her companion, stiffly. But the imperious look in her eyes was gone. "You are hungry," she insisted, "and you are going to drink some milk, and eat some beaten biscuits." She filled a tin cup as she spoke and took the biscuits from a box on the shelf. "I am your enemy," he said, as he accepted the cup. "Why, after all your vituperation, are you willing to feed me?" She almost laughed; "Ah! the Bible especially tells us to give a cup of cold water to our enemies, and you are a human being."

Captain Moore concluded that he was drinking in a literal and not a figurative sense the "milk of human kindness." She led him back to the hall and pointed to the stable lamp. "I cannot take Uncle Tim or any of the old servants with us; it would be too painful for them. You will have to carry the lamp yourself." He grasped the lamp and followed with the swinging illumination as she went on before him over the damp meadows. The barn was at some distance from the house, and the horses and cattle were kept under the same shelter since the war had reduced the family's style of living. The sleepy creatures grew restless as the unwanted light appeared, but the well-known sound of Dolly's voice quieted them.

"Here are the Jerseys," she said, "and all the little calves. They will make excellent veal, I suppose; but there are five of them, an unequal number. I don't know how we will do about dividing them." Her tones broke a little as the animals turned up their dark, innocent eyes. "Young lady," roared Captain Moore, "understand, if you please, I am not a butcher. I did not come here to slaughter your pets. This stock is—is—not exactly what I would want to make army beef of." She did not reply, but went on to the stalls where the horses were. "Come, Atalanta," she called, and from the farthest stall her own little mare, always left untied, came toward her. Captain Moore, who was a good judge of horseflesh, saw her value at once. "You can choose as you like about the plow-horses," she continued, "but Atalanta is worth more than both carriage horses together, and I

would rather you should take her on my stepmother's account. She cannot walk much, even in her usual health."

As a reply the officer turned his back and took both himself and the lantern out of the stable. Then he called to her: "Miss Dulappe, you had better give me the key so I can lock these doors for you." She came out obediently and handed it to him. After the process of locking and bolting he gave the key back to her, and said, with a fine scorn for himself: "After all, I am not capable of being either a burglar, butcher, or horse thief."—"Uncle Timothy said you were here on a 'fringing' expedition," she remarked. "You are going back with very little fringe of any sort. I have offered you what we have; there is nothing left but roses."

Poetry blooms out suddenly sometimes on the most barren ground. Beauty and humanity were drawing him by the proverbial "single hair." Long-sleeping gallantry, and a chivalry which months of license had not wholly tarnished, awoke in him. "Take me to the roses," he said, "and give me half of *them*. I only ask for the flowers now—and—and—" He did not finish the sentence. He helped her over the old-fashioned stile, and the memory of his boyhood in lake-surrounded Michigan came back to him. The sight of this lovely girl, as she bent above the blossoms in the southern night, with nothing to guard her but her own innocence, and whatever measure of manhood might be in him, struck a new chord. He had argued, in his bitter philosophy, that the brilliant and beautiful women were the bad ones. Dolly came toward him, presently, both hands full of the roses. Before he took them he handed her an order-blank, signed by the commanding general, and filled in by himself in pencil. It guaranteed the protection of the premises. He called the guard from the house, and ordered the cavalry party to assemble in the road.

Then he came back to her. He began to speak, but something seemed to close his throat, and two big tears, against his will, fell upon his yellow beard. It was almost an armful of roses that she gave him, and when he found his voice he said: "God bless you, child, for this night's work"—and kissed her once and rode away. Outside he called to his men, "There's forage enough at the camp, boys, so I brought these to distribute, instead. Here's a rose for each man to remember his sweetheart by."

* * * * *

Three weeks later he was killed in battle. In the letter which broke the news to his wife the sympathetic writer told her that a withered white rose was found upon his heart. Mrs. Moore, though she often tried, could never remember just when she had given it to him.

REBA GREGORY PRELAT

ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS

TWO INTERESTING LETTERS OF HON. GEORGE WALTON

Contributed by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D.

[*Editor Magazine of American History*: These two letters of the Hon. George Walton have recently come into my possession, one written just five days before the capture of Savannah, Georgia, and the other penned while, with a broken thigh, he was lying captive in the hands of the enemy. They have never been published.—C. C. J.]

SAVANNAH. GEORGIA 24 Decr. 1778

Dear Brother

Just before I was setting off for Charles Town this morning, we received accounts of twenty seven sail of vessels having come in and anchored in Warsaw Sound. This terminates the Embassy on my part: but ye Doctor, who went two days ago, will bear it, and I trust do the business. Robert's Artillery & Thompson's horse are here, which promises well. If they are only Tory Refugees from New York I hope we shall give a proper account of them. General Howe, who is yet here, says that he has accounts of 50 sail being off Eddisto— If this is the Case, the Invasion is general—concerted—and formidable. One way or other, however, I doubt not, we shall weather the storm; for why should we be lost in particular? I have seen the affairs of the Continent 40,000 times blacker. Adieu.

GEO WALTON.

SAVANNAH 4 January 1779. 11 o'clock p. m.

My dear Girl,

I was very happy to hear just this moment, by a flag, that you were safely arrived in Carolina. It is my earnest desire that you keep with your Sister until you hear from me again. Your dear Mamma continues still extremely ill at our House, and I am afraid that she cannot long survive.

The day you left your brother & myself, my dear Dolly, in the chances of it, I received a wound in my thigh— The bone is broke; but cures of this kind are quite common. I have every possible comfort from my conquerors— Their hospital surgeons to attend me, with Trail, Irvine, & Brydie. And they tell me they expect to see me do well. Be, therefore, of good spirits; and let me not hear by every flag that you are inconsolable, which will only operate to depress mine. At any rate, you ought to recollect that in these troublesome times you have no right to expect a life of superior tranquility to your neighbors.

My love to Polly. Brisbane is in Town, perfectly well—I suppose he writes by this Flag, tho' I know nothing about it, having just been apprised of it myself.

God bless you, my dear, and remember that you are sincerely loved by a man who wishes to make honor & reputation the rule of all his actions.

GEO WALTON.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER OF GOVERNOR JOHN SEVIER

Contributed by General Marcus J. Wright

KNOXVILLE, TENN 9th November 1803

GENERAL JAMES WINCHESTER Sir :

I have lately received a letter from the Secretary of War informing me that there is reason to suspect that the officers of the Spanish Government, at New Orleans may decline or refuse to give possession of the Country of Louisiana ceded to the United States by the French Republic, and which Congress have by law authorized the President of the United States to take possession ; and the President having judged it expedient to pursue such measures as will insure the possession ; and that he had therefore been directed by the President of the United States to request me to assemble with the least possible delay five hundred of the Militia of this State including a suitable number of officers and cause the same to be formed into a regiment of eight companies, the whole to be mounted and well armed with rifles, and to proceed with all possible dispatch to Natchez where they will receive further orders from General Wilkinson ; each man should take with him provisions sufficient for his march to Natchez where they will meet with a supply ; that the whole should be regularly mustered horses as well as men, before they march and again previous to their being discharged, their pay and emoluments to be the same allowed to the regular troops with a reasonable compensation for the use of their horses from the day they march until discharged ; and that it was expected I should select such officers as would be relied on for their military talents and sound discretion, as well as for their ardor and activity. As those troops are to be raised and marched with the utmost dispatch I have deemed it expedient to raise the greater part of the regiment in Mero district. Mr. William Maclin who goes on to furnish the officers with Commissions, and to muster the men and horses is furnished with some blank commissions which he is authorized to fill up. And as you Sir are better acquainted with the Militia of Mero District and those characters qualified to command than either Mr. Maclin or myself I must solicit you to give him any assistance in your power in selecting proper characters for the different commands, and to use your influence in promoting a military ardor amongst the militia, and assisting to raise the requisite number. Colonel George Doherty of Jefferson County is appointed to the command of the Regiment, he will soon proceed to Nashville.

I have the honor to be Sir, very respectfully your most obedt. Hbl. Servt.

JOHN SEVIER.

NOTES

HISTORY OF THE THEATRE—*The American Company in the West Indies*, Seilhamer, in his excellent *History of the American Theatre*, gives a very interesting chapter on Hallam's American Company in Jamaica, but was apparently unable to find a record later than January 5, 1782. He states that the company disbanded, for a time, early in 1782. The following play-bills, dated March 2 and April 20, 1782, as also the announcement for April 27 of the same year, will be of interest in connection with Hallam's history.

THEATRE.

By Permission of his Honor the Lieut. Governor,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF

M R. GOODMAN,

By the American Company,

This present Saturday, March 2d,

Will positively be presented a new PLAY (never acted)

Written by a *West India* Lady, called, The

SCANDAL CLUB,

OR,

Virtue in Danger.

Mr. Tinder, by	Mr. HALLAM,
Truslove,	Mr. WIGNELL,
Hackabout Bareface,	Mr. MOORE,
Trelooby Babble,	Mr. DERMOT,
Timothy Lurcher,	Mr. GODWIN,
Richard Tatler,	Mr. WOOLLS,
Sneak,	Mr. MORALES,
Brush,	A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,
Counsellor Clearpoint,	Mr. MORRIS,
Counsellor Puzzle, by	Mr. GOODMAN.
Fidget,	Mrs. HAMILTON,
Harrie Clever, by	A YOUNG LADY,
(Being her second Appearance on any Stage)	
And Mrs. Tinder, by	Mrs. MORRIS.

The PROLOGUE (written by a Lady) will be
Spoken by Mr. GOODMAN.

After Act II. Mr. MOORE will deliver a
MASONIC ORATION,

In which the Lessons of that Order are poetically pictured, and add a lustre to MASONRY.

With a new PANTOMIME INTERLUDE, called

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT:

In which will be introduced an Italian
FLOWER-POT, &c. &c.

Harlequin, by	Mr. GODWIN,
Magic (with a Song),	Mr. WOOLLS,
Masquerade Pye-Woman,	Master WOOLLS,
Mynheer Van Boterham,	Mr. DERMOT,
And Clown, by	Mr. MOORE.

To which will be added a COMEDY (in three Acts)

CALLED

Catharine and Petruchio.

Petruchio,	Mr. GOODMAN,
Baptista,	Mr. MORALES,
Pedro,	Mr. WOOLLS,
Biondello,	Mr. WIGNELL,
Mortensio,	Mr. DERMOT,
Taylor,	Mr. GODWIN, and
Grumio, by	Mr. MORRIS.
Bianca,	Mrs. HAMILTON,
Curtis,	Miss WAINRIGHT, and
Catharine, by	Mrs. MORRIS.

Tickets to be had at the usual Places, and of Mr.
GOODMAN at the THEATRE.

THEATRE.

By Permission of his Honor the Lieut. Governor.
By the American Company,

This present Evening, April 20,

Will be performed a TRAGEDY called the

GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

Evander, by	Mr. HALLAM.
Phocio,	Mr. GOODMAN,
Philotas,	Mr. WIGNELL,
Melanthon,	Mr. MORRIS,
Calippus,	Mr. WOOLLS,
Herald,	Mr. MORALES,
And Dionysius, by	Mr. MOORE.
Erixene,	Miss STORER,
And Euphrasis (<i>Grecian Daughter</i>)	Mrs. MORRIS.

To which will be added an Entertainment, called the
King & the Miller of Mansfield.

King, by	Mr. MOORE,
Dick,	Mr. WIGNELL,
Joe (<i>with a song</i>),	Mr. WOOLLS,
Lord Linewell,	Mr. DERMOT,
And the Miller, by	Mr. MORRIS.
Madge,	Miss WAINWRIGHT,
Kate,	Miss HAMILTON,
Peggy,	Miss STORER.

Tickets to be had at the usual places.

By ORDER of the Right Worshipful
Grand MASTER of Free and Accepted MASONS, *under the Constitution of England.*

On SATURDAY Evening, the 27th of
April, will be performed a *Comedy* called

The School for Scandal

(Written by R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq. :)

With a MASONIC Prelude and Epilogue,

To which will be added an Entertainment called

High Life Below Stairs.

The BRETHREN are desired to meet at half-past 6 o'Clock precisely, at the House of Brother DAVIDSON, in *Church Street*, in their proper Cloathing; from thence to accompany the Right Worshipful Grand MASTER to the *Theatre*.

W. WALKER, G. Sec.

(Contributed by)

PETERSFIELD

PLAN OF JOHN WATTS TO CRUSH LIBERTY IN NEW YORK.—To the Ministry. My Lords, As the counties of Albany, Dutchess, and West-Chester, in the Province of New York, are in an absolute state of vassalage, being all tenants at will to Rensalear, Livingston, Beekman, and Phillipse, and which are as large and

populous as most counties in England, I do therefore, with all humility, advise the Administration to have a bill brought into Parliament to declare the above enormous grants and patents extravagant and therefore vacated. I would then advise that the Crown by proclamation, declare that all the present tenants be free from their vassalage, and that every one may be a Freeholder of such farm and premises which he now holds forever, on condition that they not only return to their allegiance to the King, but that they in person take up arms, and assist his Majesty in reducing the rebels to subjection. This my Lords, being done, would instantly bring you at least 6,000 able farmers into the field, without one shilling expence to the nation. If this hint be acceptable, I am ready at any time to wait on you, in order to be more explicit.

I have the honour to be, yours, &c.,

J. Watts

Reprinted from the Morning Chronicle in
Pennsylvania Evening Post, Oct. 30,
1777.

MINTO

THE ANDRÉ TREE AT TARRYTOWN, N. Y.—The memorable tulip tree at Greensburgh, or Tarrytown, under which Major André was taken, was on Saturday, the 31st of July, 1801, struck with lightning. It was rent almost exactly in two, from the top to the bottom. Near the root it was hollow, at which part it took fire, and blazed up for about 12 or 15 feet through the fissure, for a few minutes, when the eastern part fell. The remainder, extending over the road, stood in so menacing an attitude as to render it

necessary to cut it down. This remarkable tree measured 26 feet in circumference at the base, was 111 feet in height, and its branches extended 106 feet in diameter. It is rather a singular coincidence that the news of Arnold's death should arrive at Greensburgh on the very same day that the tree was destroyed.—*Longworth's N. Y. Directory for 1802.*

W. K.

SOUTHAMPTON CELEBRATION—South-

ampton, Long Island, the oldest English town in the state of New York, will celebrate the 250th anniversary of its founding, on the 12th of June. The historical address will be delivered by Hon. Henry P. Hedges. A paper on the "Changes in Social and Family Life since the Settlement of Southampton" will be read by Wm. S. Pelletreau, A.M.; also papers by Geo. R. Howell, A.M., of New York State Library, and by Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D.D., of Boston.

QUERIES

KITTEREEN—During the colonial period in America frequent mention is made of a pleasure vehicle called a *Kittereen*. Will some of your readers kindly describe its appearance or make?

RIDING CLUB

STUYVESANT'S FALSE LEG—Is there any original authority for the statement that Governor Stuyvesant's leg was amputated in Holland? O'Callaghan states that he received a severe wound in the knee in the attack on St. Martin, and went to Holland for surgical aid. Smith's *History of New York* speaks of his lost leg, and frequent mention is made of a wooden one bound with silver. A contemporary reference to the fact that he used a false leg is respectfully requested.

READER

FIRST PRIVATE INSANE ASYLUM—Is not the following announcement the first notice of a private asylum for the insane in America?

"Whereas the Rev. John Smith, Min-

ister of the Gospel in Rye and the White Plains, is possessed of a Piece of Skill for the help of distracted Persons, and has been for many Years successful in the Care of them, but being advanced in Years and very infirm—has therefore communicated his Skill to his Son William Hooker Smith, who hereby informs the Public, that he lives at the White Plains, and is ready to serve in such Cases, on reasonable Terms, any persons whose Friends or Relations may stand in Need of his Relief and Help in so desirable a Case either at his own House or elsewhere: And as my Father has relieved a number of Persons who have been given up as incurable, who have been under the Direction of the ablest Physicians in New York and elsewhere, and as this is a peculiar Piece of Skill, beside the common practice; shall be obliged to any person of the Faculty that will recommend. I would further inform the Public, that I can almost infalibly determine the curable Persons by an Examination of the Age, Inclination, Constitution, Shape and Make of the Head, &c. Particulars, any

Person desirous may inquire of Mr. Isaac Rykeman, in New York.

William Hooker Smith.
White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 19, 1768.
 W. K.

PETROLEUM OIL—*Editor Magazine of American History*: When and where was "petroleum" oil first discovered?

Not in the United States, certainly; for the naphtha of Persia—a volatile substance nearly identical with petroleum—had been known even before the discovery of the American continent. In China it has been known for ages.

In Pennsylvania it was, I believe, first known as Seneca oil; nor was it until 1854 ever thought of as an article of commerce. In that year, if I mistake not, a company was first formed for boring on Oil creek in Venango county; and it was not until 1858 that the enterprise proved successful. But was its first discovery made in Pennsylvania or in Kentucky?

I am led to this inquiry by reading an

old letter now in my possession dated Louisville, Ky., March 28, 1828. The writer says: "I have just conversed with a gentleman from Cumberland county, who informs me that in boring through rocks for salt water a fountain of *petroleum*, or volatile oil, was struck at a depth of one hundred and eighty feet. When the auger was withdrawn the oil rushed up some twenty feet above the surface of the earth, forming a bold stream from thence to the Cumberland river, into which it discharged itself. The oil covered a considerable portion of the surface of the river for miles below, and when ignited presented an appalling spectacle."

The writer adds: "British oil, which is extensively used as a medicine, is manufactured from this *petroleum*." Was the raw material from which this "British oil" was manufactured obtained from the United States, or from the borders of the Caspian sea?

WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS

CARÁCAS, VENEZUELA.

REPLIES

RACE OF CONVICTS [xxiii., 417]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: It was Dr. Samuel Johnson who called the Americans "a race of convicts." See Boswell's *Life*, under the record of the year 1775. The little word "Sir" with which the quotation in the May number begins is an almost infallible earmark of one of Dr. Johnson's utterances. In 1778 he said, "I am willing to love all mankind *except an American*."

W. W. TRUESDALE

RIPON COLLEGE, RIPON, WIS.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE WORLD [xxiii., 345, 418]—The following additions may be made to my former list:

SOUTH AMERICA.—Brazil, 1889. Imperial university at Rio de Janeiro, 20 professors.

Chili, 1883. 5,042 students. 1889, University of Chili, 40 professors, 700 students.

Venezuela, 1889. 19 colleges, 2,500 students.

AUSTRALASIA.—Victoria, 1853-89.

University at Melbourne, 2,084 students.
1886, 327 students.

Seven colleges, 1,035 students.

New Zealand, 1877. Auckland college, 7 professors, 164 students.

ASIA.—Japan, 1887. 2 universities. Imperial University, 697 students. 1 military college, 1,200 students.

India, 1889. 4 universities: Madras, Lahore, Calcutta, and Bombay.

TURKEY.—Armenia, 1872. Missionary college at Anitab.

AFRICA.—Cape Colony, 1889. University of Cape of Good Hope, 900 students.

NORTH AMERICA.—Canada.

Ontario, 1887. 11 colleges. 1877, 700 students.

Quebec, 1887. 44 colleges. 1877, 8,307 students.

Manitoba, 1887. 4 colleges.

Prince Edward's Island, 1887. 3 colleges.

MURRAY EDWARD POOLE

ITHACA, NEW YORK.

THE ISLAND OF SEVEN CITIES [xxiii., 417]—*Editor Magazine of American History*: Mr. Trumbull will find the legend of the island of seven cities given as Appendix 26 to Irving's *Life of Columbus*. It was supposed to be near the latitude of Lisbon, and in longitude 330° east of the west coast of Europe. Also see Winsor's *Narrative and Critical History, U. S.*, Vol. I. p. 31.

ELROY M. AVERY

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

A CENTURY OF CABINET MINISTERS [xxiii., 386]—In the very interesting article in the May number of the *MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY*, by Mr. George M. Pavey, there occurs an error. In giving the list of President Hayes's cabinet officers the name of the postmaster-general is printed "David McKey." It should be David M. Key (not McKey).

M. J. W.

WASHINGTON, May, 1890.

PORTRAIT OF PHILIP LIVINGSTON THE SIGNER [xxiii., 361]—The testimony seems to indicate the existence of three original portraits of Philip Livingston, painted probably at different times for his three daughters. Mr. W. A. Jones of Norwich, Connecticut, whose maternal ancestor was one of these daughters, writes to correct the general statement that the portrait published in our May issue is the "only correct likeness," as his brother, Dr. Philip Livingston Jones, a year or two before his death in 1883, presented to the Long Island Historical Society an original portrait of Philip Livingston, which came to him by inheritance through his maternal great-grandmother. From this picture the sketch was made for *Sanderson's Lives of the Signers*, 1820. Still another portrait of the signer was on exhibition at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, which was said to be an original. Our correspondent, Mr. W. A. Jones, is a great-nephew of Dr. John Jones of revolutionary celebrity and the physician of Washington while he was President.

EDITOR

SOCIETIES

NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—At the stated meeting for May, held on the evening of the 6th inst., the Hon. John A. King presiding, among the additions to the library, attention was called to the papers of the commissioners appointed by General Carleton in October, 1783, to investigate the causes of the great fire in New York city of September, 1776. The original warrant and minutes of sworn testimony were presented to the society by Joseph W. Lawrence of St. John, New Brunswick.

Mr. Henri Moreau, the well-known advocate of Paris, presented a proof with autograph corrections of the argument made by the late Antoine Pierre Berryer, in the famous case of the United States against Armand and others.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb read the paper of the evening, entitled "The Golden Age of Colonial New York." This period was designated by the author as the three or four years following 1766, when the French wars were concluded, and the repeal of the Stamp Act had restored tranquillity and great prosperity to the city and province. The special year chosen for illustration was 1768. Mrs. Lamb conducted her audience through the metropolis of that date, describing the homes of the citizens, the institutions and the churches, the commencement of the college (King's, now Columbia), with personal sketches of its president and graduates, the founding of the chamber of commerce (introducing each of its founders), the two branches of the general government—his majesty's council and the assembly

—in the old City Hall in Wall street, also the corporation, and the courts. The chief rulers, legislators, and lawyers were marshaled into a procession for brief review. The social life of the times was also sketched, with the styles of dress, manners, and customs. Mr. John A. Weekes, first vice-president of the society, moved a vote of thanks to Mrs. Lamb for her interesting and valuable paper, which was seconded by the Hon. Charles A. Peabody, and unanimously adopted.

THE BUFFALO HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its last club meeting for the season April 14, when Mr. Frank H. Severance read a paper entitled "The Journals and Journeys of an Early Buffalo Merchant." This was John Lay, a pioneer of Buffalo, who went to that city in 1810, traveled into the far west as a trader of furs and general merchandise, undergoing many wild experiences, and was taken prisoner at the burning of Buffalo in 1813, and marched on foot to Montreal. He afterward returned to Buffalo, and with Eli Hart of that city (subsequently of New York) built up a great trade in Buffalo and five other western New York towns. In 1822 Mr. Lay retired from business and visited Europe, traveling for two years in Europe and America, almost wholly on foot. The manuscript journals from which the lecturer drew much interesting material had never before been made public. They contain many personal reminiscences of Walter Scott, James Hogg, Keene, the elder Booth, Governor Cass,

and other prominent people of that day with whom Mr. Lay came in contact.

The Buffalo Historical Society mourns the loss of its founder, the Hon. Lewis F. Allen, who died at his historic old home in Buffalo, May 2, aged ninety years.

THE CHICAGO HISTORICAL SOCIETY held its quarterly meeting on the 15th of April, President Edward G. Mason in the chair. The deaths were announced of William Bross, a life-member of the society since 1865, on the 27th of January, 1890, and of J. Y. Scammon, a charter member of the society, on the 17th of March, 1890. The former was well known as the editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, and lieutenant-governor of Illinois, and the latter was a distinguished lawyer and banker, who had been president of the society. The executive committee reported the following, which was placed upon the records of the society: "*Resolved*, That the Chicago Historical Society, having been furnished through its executive committee with verified information as to the locality of the Indian massacre of the Fort Dearborn garrison at Chicago, on August 15, 1812, is convinced that this tragedy occurred between Sixteenth and Twentieth streets, in the city of Chicago, near the lake shore; and this society heartily approves of the proposal to erect a monument to commemorate this occurrence, and recommends its erection at or near the foot of Eighteenth street, in the city of Chicago, which was the central point of this massacre, and consents that the same may be done under the auspices of this society."

Mr. A. A. Graham, secretary of the Ohio Historical Society, delivered an interesting lecture on the "Early History of the Northwest Territory," illustrated by stereopticon views, maps, and portraits. At the conclusion of the address, the thanks of the society were unanimously tendered him.

THE NEW YORK GENEALOGICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY—Regular meetings were held in February and March, which were presided over by General James Grant Wilson, the president of the society. On the evening of February 28, an address on "John Ericsson and Engineering Progress during the Nineteenth Century" was delivered by Colonel William C. Church, who is Ericsson's literary executor. Colonel Church gave a very interesting account of Ericsson's engineering feats and scientific discoveries.

On the evening of March 14 the society had the pleasure of listening to an account of "General Grant and the Battle of Chattanooga," from General O. O. Howard.

On Friday evening, April 11, Colonel Woolsey Rogers Hopkins was to have delivered an address on "Two Old New York Houses" (the houses referred to being Nos. 7 and 8 State street); but owing to his inability to be present on account of illness, a paper by Mr. William H. Lee, on "General John Paterson," was read by Professor Egleston of Columbia college, a great-grandson of General Paterson. Colonel Hopkins's paper was read on Friday evening, May 9.

BOOK NOTICES

HISTORY AND PROCEEDINGS OF THE
POCUMTUCK VALLEY MEMORIAL
ASSOCIATION, 1870-1879. 8vo, pp. 510.
Vol. I. Published by the association, 1890.
Deerfield, Mass.

We are glad to welcome this handsome volume from the old historic town of Deerfield, and it is gratifying to notice the care with which it has been prepared, edited, and printed. It is filled with good reading. The history of the inception of the scheme which in course of time took the form of a memorial hall is immensely interesting. The proceedings of the early meetings are chronicled with commendable fullness, and the papers read to the association from time to time on public occasions are printed at length. In the language of Hon. George Sheldon, the real founder of the institution, "The Old Bay State is justly proud of her history; and of the towns that have contributed to make up its early annals none have been more famous than Deerfield. It has an ancient and modern war record in which it has just cause to glory." Much of this history has been gathered, written, and placed in this volume for permanent preservation. The bloody Indian wars are described; and the history and traditions of two hundred years ago are plucked as it were from every hill, every shaded ravine, every smiling meadow, and every prominent locality. Some one has said, "You might dot the whole town of Deerfield over with mementos of affection and historic interest." "Ministers and Meeting-houses" is one of the interesting papers with which the book abounds. It is by Miss C. Alice Baker of Cambridge. "Greenfield and its first Church," by Francis M. Thompson, is another, carefully and well written. He says, "Over the pulpit was an immense sounding-board shaped like a pagoda, which I am informed by an aged grandmother of the first minister always troubled her for fear it would fall upon the speaker." "Slavery in Massachusetts," by Phineas Field of Charlemon, is perhaps the most informing as well as entertaining chapter of the work. Deacon Field describes the slaves of Northfield, his own native town, depicting many of their characteristics. He relates an incident of meeting a southern woman during the late civil war, who declared that *Massachusetts was the state that first introduced slavery into the Union.* He further says, "In the early part of our late war a friend of mine being in 'Egypt,' Illinois, heard the following colloquy between two men: 'I reckon Boston is the worst state there is in the Union!' (Rejoinder:) 'I don't know, but from what I have heard tell I reckon Massachusetts is the worst state.' After a full discussion it was

agreed that 'Boston and Massachusetts are the worst states there is.'"

CHRONICLES OF THE PLUMSTED
FAMILY, with some Family Letters, compiled and arranged with notes. By EUGENE DEVEREUX. 8vo, pp. 168, pamphlet. Privately printed. Philadelphia.

Genealogical records are supposed to be dry and uninteresting for the most part, but occasionally there comes to us through these sources information of the most interesting character. The work before us is a case in point. The Plumsted family were connected by marriage with some of the most prominent inhabitants of both Pennsylvania and New York. Clement Plumsted was the mayor of Philadelphia in 1723. He was also a justice, a judge, master of the court of chancery, a member of the legislature, and in 1727 was appointed to the board of "provincial councilors." He acquired a vast amount of valuable landed property in both New Jersey and Pennsylvania, and became one of the wealthiest citizens of the time. He died in 1745. His only son William Plumsted followed in his footsteps, and developed into a man of importance, and was at one time mayor of Philadelphia. He died in 1765. His wife was Rebecca Kearny. Their eldest daughter married Andrew Elliot, collector of the port of New York prior to the Revolution; and another daughter married Captain Charles Gore, who was with General Robert Monckton when he attacked the French at Fort Royal, Island of Martinico, West Indies, and was wounded, and believed to have died from the effects of his wounds.

About one-half of this genealogical work is devoted to family letters, chiefly written to Mrs. Gore by Mrs. Elliot and her daughters, many of which are dated in England, where they resided after the Revolution. These letters touch upon innumerable incidents and characters of that period well known to historical scholars, and are consequently of surpassing interest. Allusions are made to them, with some extracts, in another part of the current number of this magazine.

AMERICAN FARMS, THEIR CONDITION
AND FUTURE. By J. R. ELLIOTT, 8vo,
pp. 262. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This timely treatise is the sixty-second of the "Questions of the Day Series," which from its inception several years ago has presented in compact form thoughtful essays on many of the topics that fill the newspapers in less permanent shape. Just now several of the New England

states are confronted by the very unpleasant fact that the agricultural interest, which in every prosperous commonwealth should at least hold the balance of power, is in a state of decadence. Farms that fifty years ago were self-supporting and remunerative, are now either abandoned or mortgaged for their full value, or have passed from the hands of their original owners to a less desirable proprietorship.

To the causes and probable results of this decadence, the author of the present volume has devoted much conscientious study, and a perusal of his pages must prove suggestive to legislators and others who are giving time and thought to the same subject. It is impossible here even to summarize the conclusions set forth. Suffice it to say that *politics*, that bane of our natural integrity, appears to be at the bottom of this as of so many other of our misfortunes. The keen-witted, intelligent American farmer has been well nigh crowded out of our state legislatures. In his place is the practical politician. To reinstate him, would go far toward restoring a just equilibrium, and toward checking the evil influences that flow from the concentration of bad foreign elements in the large cities and towns.

"THE BIBLIPOLE." Catalogue of Rare and Fine Books. With 20 fac-similes of bindings, printer's marks, and coats-of-arms. 8vo, pp. 94. New York: E. F. Bonaventure. 1890.

That bibliography is an art is plainly proven by this brochure, which would have done good the heart of Grotier or Dibdin. Here we have described a collection of books that it would be difficult, if possible at all under twenty years of gathering, to bring together. But Mr. E. F. Bonaventure has done so at his rooms in the San Carlo, New York city, and we find among the gems described twenty-one volumes of Gould's *Ornithological Works*, mostly relating to American birds, priced at \$2.125; six volumes of Voltaire's *Miscellaneous Works*, bound by Chambolle-Duru, \$485; Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, 2 vols., the original edition, extra illustrated; and *Dives and Pauper*, in black letter, and the first book of Pynson's with a date, and that date 1493. For fine books relating to this continent the collection is distinguished. Mr. Bonaventure describes a vellum fac-simile of the Paris edition of Americus Vesputi's *Voyage to America*, and the first account of the mainland. This beautiful plaque bears the royal arms of France in gold and colors, and the personal cognizance of Francis the First. Upwards of a page is devoted to a remarkable pictographic manuscript—"The Autobiography of Half Moon, an Uncpapa Sioux Chief, who was killed

on the Custer Battlefield." This was described at some length in the March number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. The 1542 and 1552 Basle editions of Ptolemy's *Geography* are of great interest from a cosmographical standpoint, as in them are mixed up continents, isthmuses, etc., in an apparently utterly reckless manner. A black letter and English translation of Doctor Nicolas Monardes's *Joyfull Newes out of the New-found Worlde*, printed at London in 1596, notices Columbus's discovery at length on the one hand, and on the other gives a long account of the tobacco plant so dear to Sir Walter Raleigh.

There are other Americana, such as the 1561 Venice edition of Thebet's *Historia dell India America*, but space forbids. We cannot, however, leave Mr. Bonaventure's instructive *Bibliopole* without calling attention to his illustrated manuscripts, among them a minuscule *Biblia Sacra*, written on vellum tissue 650 years ago, and various *Hours of the Virgin*, with beautiful miniatures, produced before and in the first century of typography; also to his black letters, including a *Tuncremata* printed in 1474 by Peter Schœffer, the associate of Gutenberg and Fust, whose portraits decorate the catalogue; as well as to his historical bindings from the libraries of Anne of Austria, Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., Marie Antoinette, Colbert, and Pompadour. The strongest point in the *Bibliopole* is, however, what Mr. Bonaventure has devoted a dozen page illustrations to, the works of French binders, who are in no sense of the word workmen, but artists, and who from the days of Clovis Eve and Le Gascon to the recent Exposition Universelle in Paris, have found their supremacy in the domain of true genius in the art bibliopagistic.

LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND ITS SHORES.

By W. H. H. MURRAY. 8vo, pp. 261. Boston, De Wolfe, Fisk & Co.

It is a pleasure to open a volume of moderate size printed in such clear large type that even the tired eyes of a book reviewer can read it with comfort. Further than this, the book should have a living interest for the thousands of tourists and campers who take their summer outing on the shores of that picturesque lake whose name it bears. Mr. Murray has evidently read everything that has been published concerning Samuel Champlain and his exploits, and, having studied the scenes wherein they were enacted, he has become deeply imbued with the romantic spirit of the place and its thrilling historic associations. The volume opens with a plea for out-of-door recreation that will appeal to the growing army of summer campers. The succeeding chapters are devoted to a review of the principal historical events that transpired on its shores.

INDEX

ADAMS, Charles Kendall, portrait, 94; recent historical work in the colleges and universities of Europe and America, 111; Manual of Historical Literature, noticed, 261.

Adams, Herbert B., portrait, 94. Adams, John, president of U. S., a pronounced Federalist, character of, 29; his cabinet ministers, 387.

Adams, John Quincy, appointed commissioner to negotiate treaty with Great Britain, 389; secretary of state, 390; his cabinet ministers, 391; the electoral vote for, 391.

Adelphia, explosion on the steamer, 490.

Adkins, Milton S., story of busy government bureau, the office of auditor of the treasury for the post-office department, 241; westward to the south seas, 331.

Africa, glimpses of the interior of, 410; universities in, 410, 508.

Akerman, Amos T., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 402; resigns his office, 402.

Albany, N. Y., first railroad between Schenectady and, 178; travel by stage from to Boston, 1828, 184; in 1772, 412.

Alexander III., Life of, noticed, 351. Algeria, colleges in, 410.

Allerton, Isaac, first Irish immigrant in the employ of, 1653, 57.

Amboy, N. J., the Parker home-stead at, 168.

America, first Methodist church in, 70; the Scotch-Irish in, 88; first law school, 103; recent historical work in the colleges and universities of, 111; doubtful questions concerning the discovery of, 237; the Reformed Church in, noticed, 263; the early voyages to, 288; the first map of, 288; first piano made in, 334; the discovery of, by the Welsh, 490; first private insane asylum in, 506.

American Academy of Sciences, established, 98.

American Belles and Brides in England a Century ago, *Mrs. Martha J. Lamb*, 468.

American Farms, their Condition and Future, noticed, 511.

American Historical Association, anniversary meeting, 89; act of incorporation, 93; presidents of, 93; group of portraits of executive officers and members, 94, 101; papers read before the, 95; list of members present, 105.

American Hotel, N. Y. City, view of the, 181.

American Republics, their differences, *George M. Pavey*, 74; Bolivia and the, 82.

American Revolution, Ludwig Baron von Closen's reminiscences of the, 96, 256; certain phases of

the westward movement during the, 102; anecdote of Tarleton's raid, 164; verses on Tarleton's raid, 165; services of Gen. Seth Pomeroy, 247; battle of Lexington, 248; Columbia College in the, 249; the burning of Kingston, noticed, 262; extracts from Virginia records, 1775-1776, 339; the loyalists of R. I., 346; order-books of Gen. Howe and Clinton, noticed, 352; disposition of captured vessels in 1775, 414; the colonists of the, called a race of convicts, 417, 507; the capture of N. Y., 1776, 493; the siege of Savannah, Ga., 502; plan of John Watts to crush liberty in N. Y., 1777, 505.

American Theatre company at Jamaica, play-bills of the, 1782, 504.

American Women, contrast between, and those of other countries, 54.

Americans, great words from great, noticed, 88.

Anabaptist Refugees in N. Y., 51.

André Tree, Tarrytown, N. Y., struck by lightning, 505.

Andrews, Elisha Benjamin, Institutes of Economics, noticed, 174.

Andros, Sir Edmund, governor of N. Y., 44.

Anglo-American, the, no resemblance to his ancestors, 53; the mental and moral changes in the, 55.

Anglo-Saxon, the dominant type of the colonizing man at N. Y., 52.

Anthony, Albert S., *A Lenape-English Dictionary*, noticed, 174.

Argentine Republic, form of government, 74, 75; universities in, 418.

Arkansas, history of, noticed, 88.

Armenia, colleges in, 508.

Armstrong, Gen. John, appointed secretary of war, 389; resigns his office, 389.

Arthur, Chester A., his cabinet ministers, 404.

Arya Sun Myths, the Origin of Religions, noticed, 173.

Asia, universities in, 418, 508.

Astor Family, in N. Y. City, 184, 208, 433, 434.

Atlantic, explosion on the steamer, 484.

Atwood, Rev. E. F., Philo Penfield Stewart, inventor of the Stewart stove, 422.

Austin, Jane G., Standish of Standish, noticed, 175.

Australasia, universities in, 418, 507.

Austria, universities in, 344.

Avery, Elroy M., the island of seven cities, 508.

A. W. Thompson, schooner, wreck of the, 492.

BABES of the Nations, noticed, 88.

Bacon, Nathaniel, the rebel, 103.

Badger, George E., appointed secretary of the navy, 394.

Bancroft, George, portrait, 89, 95; sketch of, 89; view of his Newport residence, 91; appointed secretary of the navy, 397; minister to England, 397.

Bancroft, Hubert Howe, History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming, noticed, 175; History of Washington, Idaho, and Montana, 1845-1889, noticed, 431.

Barber, Samuel, disasters on Long Island Sound, 1827-1888, 483.

Barbour, James, appointed secretary of war, 391; resigns his office, minister to England, 391.

Barlow, S. L. M., sale of the library of, 266.

Barry, William T., appointed post-master-general, 399; minister to Spain, 393.

Bates, Edward, appointed secretary of war, declines, 398; attorney-general, 399; resigns his office, 400.

Bay State, explosion on the steamer, 484.

Bayard, James A., commissioner to negotiate treaty with Great Britain, 389.

Bayard, Thomas F., appointed secretary of state, 405.

Becher, Franklin A., a Study of Political Parties, their principles as seen from their platforms, 475.

Bedminster, N. J., salary of the minister of, 79.

Belgium, universities in, 344.

Belknap, William W., appointed secretary of war, 402; charges against, resigns his office, 403.

Bell, John, appointed secretary of war, 394.

Bellmont, Earl of, governor of N. Y., 44.

Bender, Prosper, our northern neighbors; difficulties to union; race and creed troubles; uncertain future, 457.

Berrian, Rev. William, rector of Trinity Church, N. Y., 185.

Berrien, John M., appointed attorney-general, 392; resigns his office, 393.

Betts, Beverley R., the Newdigate and Digby arms, 170.

Between Times, noticed, 88.

Bibb, George M., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 396.

Bibliopole, The, noticed, 512.

Birney, James G., and his Times, noticed, 264.

Bismarck, Prince, character of, 416.

Black, Jeremiah S., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 398; secretary of state, 399.

Blaine, James G., appointed secretary of state, 404.

Blair, Montgomery, appointed post-

- master-general, 399; resigns his office, 400.
- Bolivia, form of government in, 74, 75; and the South American Republics, 82; universities in, 418.
- Bonaventure, E. F., *The Bibliophile*, noticed, 522.
- Book Club, N. Y. City, members of the, 187.
- Book Notices, *January*—Warner's *South and West*, 85; McCray's *Life-Work of Mrs. Stowe*, 85; Murdock's *Reconstruction of Europe*, 85; Mellick's *Life in New Jersey in the Eighteenth Century*, 86; Thayer's *Kansas Crusade*, 86; Grinnell's *Pawnee Hero Stories*, 87; Lowell's *New Priest of Conception Bay*, 87; Crandall *Genealogy*, 87; the *Clan MacLean*, 87; *Great Words from Great Americans*, 88; Hempstead's *Arkansas*, 88; Thomas's *Babes of the Nations*, 88; Cone's *One, Two, Three, Four*, 88; Humphrey's *Calendar of Nations and Seasons*, 88; Driarte's *Queen of the Adriatic*, 88; Learned's *Between Times*, 88; the *Scotch-Irish in America*, 88.
- February*—Gentiles of Maryland, 1678-1683, 173; Morris's *Aryan Sun Myths*, 173; Horsford's *Norumbega*, 173; Keary's *Dawn of History*, 174; Lenapé-English Dictionary, edited by Brinton and Anthony, Pa., *Student's series*, vol. I., 174; Andrews' *Institutes of Economics*, 174; Prentice's *Life of Wilbur Fisk*, 175; Mombert's *Charles the Great*, 175; Austin's *Standish of Standish*, 175; Bancroft's *Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming*, 175; Jameson's *Constitutional History of the U. S.*, 1775-1780, 176.
- March*—Adams' *Manual of Historical Literature*, 261; Phyfe's *Mispronounced Words*, 261; Wakeley's *American Methodism*, 261; *Constitutional History of the U. S.*, 261; Ribot's *Psychology of Attention*, 262; Westbrook's *Rachel Dumont*, 262; Cable's *Louisiana*, 263; Demorest's *Reformed Church in America*, 263; Tuckerman's *Diary of Philip Hone*, 263; Plymouth Records, vol. I., 263; Birney's *James G. Birney and His Times*, 264.
- April*—Hill's *Old South Church*, 349; Smith's *Emigration and Immigration*, 349; Newton's *Life of Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg*, 350; Norton's *Hand-Book of Florida*, 350; Spillane's *American Piano-Forte*, 350; Dodge's *Life and Works of Alexander*, 351; Pfriemer's *Driftwood*, 351; Marietta, O., *Centennial*, 351; Vincent's *South America*, 352; New York Historical Society's collections, vols. xvi. and xvii., 352; list of historic and learned societies in America, 425.
- May*—Virginia Historical Society, *Collections*, vol. ix., 429; Moorehead's *Fort Ancient*, 429; Depew's *Orations and Speeches*, 430; Durrett's *St. Paul's Church*, Louisville, Ky., 431; Kulp's *Wyoming Families*, 431; Bancroft's *Washington, Idaho, and Montana*, 1845-1889, 431; Wilson's *Chamber of Commerce Portrait Gallery*, 432; Field's *Bright Skies and Dark Shadows*, 432.
- June*—History and Proceedings of the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, vol. I., 1870-1879, 511; Devereux's *Plumsted Family*, 511; Elliott's *American Farms*, 511; Murray's *Lake Champlain*, 512; Bonaventure's *Bibliophile*, 512.
- Borie, Adolph E., appointed secretary of the navy, 401; resigns his office, 402.
- Boston, Mass., the early newspaper press of, 172; travel by stage to, from Albany, N. Y., 1828, 184; History of the Old South Church, noticed, 349; order-books of the siege of, noticed, 352.
- Boutwell, George S., appointed secretary U. S. treasury, 402; resigns his office, 402.
- Bowen, Clarence W., portrait, 94; Baron von Closen's reminiscences of the American Revolution, 96, 256.
- Bowring, Sir John, and American Slavery, *Charles K. Tuckerman*, 232.
- Boyd, Rev. Baptist, mentioned, 57.
- Bradford, William, the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of, 227; fac-simile of his signature and baptismal record, 227; services of, 228; proposed monument to, 324.
- Bradford, William, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 387; his death, 387.
- Branch, John, appointed secretary of the navy, 392; resigned his office, 393.
- Brazil, government of, 74; extent and climate of, 285; universities in, 418, 507.
- Bread and Cheese Club, N. Y. City, established 1824, members of the, 186.
- Breckinridge, John, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 388; his death, 388.
- Bremer, Frederika, the Swedish novelist, her visit to N. Y., 445.
- Brenton, William, Gov. of Rhode Island, 255.
- Brevort, Henry, gives fancy ball at N. Y. 1838, 260; property of, 435.
- Brewster, Benjamin H., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 405.
- Bright Skies and Dark Shadows, noticed, 432.
- Brinton, Daniel G., a Lenapé-English Dictionary, noticed, 174.
- Brut I*, steamer, destroyed by fire, 429.
- Bristow, Benjamin H., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 402; resigns his office, 404.
- British Columbia, colleges in, 418.
- Brown, Aaron V., appointed postmaster-general, 398; his death, 398.
- Brown, John, trial and execution of, 59.
- Browne, William Hand, *Archives of Md.*, vol. vii., noticed, 173.
- Browning, O. H., appointed secretary of the interior, 401.
- Bryant, William Cullen, portrait, 1; in history, *Mrs. Martha J. Lamb*, 1; his "Song for the New Year's Eve," 2; the Bryant Homestead, 5; summer home of, 9; translations from Virgil, by, 343; his first meeting with Abraham Lincoln, 343; poet and journalist, 448.
- Bryant School, the, 417.
- Buchanan, James, declines the appointment of attorney-general, 394; secretary of state, 397; his cabinet ministers, 398.
- Buffalo Historical Society, annual meeting, election of officers, 258; March 24th meeting, memoir of George W. Clinton, by David F. Day, 411; proposed monuments to La Salle and Red Jacket, 412; April 14th meeting, the Journals and Journeys of John Lay, an early Buffalo merchant, by Frank H. Severance, 509; death of the founder of the, 509.
- Burnet, William, governor of N. Y., 44.
- Burr, Aaron, declares himself a British subject, 167.
- Burr, George L., the literature of witchcraft, 95.
- Butler, Benjamin F., appointed attorney-general of the U. S., 393; acting secretary of war, 394; resigns his office, 394.
- Butterworth, Hezekiah, the first christmas in New England, 79.
- C**ABLE, George W., strange true stories of Louisiana, noticed, 263.
- Cabot, George, declines the office of secretary of navy, 387.
- Calendar of the nations and seasons, noticed, 88.
- Calhoun, John C., appointed secretary of war, 390; secretary of state, 396.
- California, origin of the name, 200; Spanish pioneer houses of, *Charles Howard Shinn*, 353; views of the Major Reading, Don Vallejo, Tejon ranch, and Mount Tamalpais adobe, 355, 357, 359; Indian huts, 359.
- Cameron, James D., appointed secretary of war, 404.
- Cameron, Simon, appointed secretary of war, 399; minister to Russia, 400.
- Campbell, George W., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 380; resigns his office, 380.
- Campbell, James, appointed postmaster-general, 398.
- Canada, present conditions of historical studies in, 104; comments on, noticed, 85; difficulties to union with U. S., race and creed troubles in, the future of, 460; universities in, 508.
- Canisteo Valley Historical Society, annual meeting, election of officers, 258.
- Cape Colony, Africa, colleges in, 419, 508.
- Cape of Good Hope, colleges in, 508.
- Capital City*, steamer, wreck of the, 401.
- Carter, John, the old town of Green Bay, Wis., its early social life, 376.
- Cass, Lewis, appointed secretary of war, 393; minister to France, 394; secretary of state, 398; resigns his office, 399.
- Cathcart, Lady, ancestry of, 468;

- letters to Mrs. Charles Gore, Dec. 4th, 1780; January 24th and June 9th, 1781, on social affairs at London, 469-471.
- Cathcart, Lord, family and services of, 468.
- Cayenne, French Guiana, portrait of a Creole, 286; customs of the natives of, 287.
- Central America, the government of, 74; universities in, 419.
- Ceylon, universities in, 419.
- Chamber of Commerce, N. Y., Portrait Gallery, noticed, 431.
- Champton*, steamer, wreck of the, 488.
- Chandler, William E., appointed secretary of the navy, 405.
- Chandler, Zachariah, appointed secretary of the interior, 402.
- Charles the Great, History of, noticed, 175.
- Charles Osgood*, the propeller, takes fire, 486.
- Chase, Salmon P., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 399; resigns his office, 400.
- Cherokee Indians, treaty with the, 1775, 364.
- Chicago Historical Society, annual meeting, election of officers, 172; January 21st meeting, personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln by John Moses, 256; April 13th meeting, locates the site of the Indian massacre of Fort Dearborn, 1812, 510; the early history of the Northwest, by A. A. Graham, 510.
- Chili, form of government, 74, 75; universities in, 418, 507.
- Chocoma, the engraving of the Indian chief, 80, 179, 255, 345.
- Church, Col. Wm. C., John Ericsson and engineering progress during the nineteenth century, 510.
- Church of England in N. Y., opposition to the, 48.
- City of Boston*, accident to the steamer, 489.
- City of New London*, steamer destroyed by fire, 489.
- Clarke, George H., sketch of Oliver Cromwell, 82.
- Clay, Henry, appointed secretary of state, 391; the electoral vote for him, 1825, 391.
- Clayton, John M., appointed secretary of state, 397.
- Cleveland, Grover, his cabinet ministers, 405.
- Clifford, Nathan, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 397; minister to Mexico, 397.
- Clinton, De Witt, services of, 250.
- Clinton, George, governor of New York, 44; opposes the stamp act, 49.
- Clinton, George W., memoir of, 411.
- Clinton, Sir Henry, order-books of, noticed, 332.
- Closen, Ludwig, Baron von, reminiscences of the American Revolution, 56, 256.
- Cobb, Howell, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 398; resigns his office, 399.
- Coffey, T. J., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 400.
- Coley, James E., New York and Albany in 1772, 412.
- Collamer, Jacob, appointed postmaster-general, 397.
- Colman, Norman J., appointed secretary of agriculture, 405.
- Colorado, History of, noticed, 175.
- Columbia, form of government in, 74, 75; universities in, 418.
- Columbia, origin of the word, 253.
- Columbia College, advance of historical studies in, 114; the semi-centennial of the revival of, 200; distinguished students of, 249; proceedings at the installation of the president of, 250.
- Columbian University, established, 98.
- Columbus, Christopher, the remains of, 269; portrait, 265; the mistakes of, 288; *fac-simile* of Wilkie's painting of, explaining his theory of a new world, 353, 406.
- Commodore*, steamer, wreck of the, 488.
- Commonwealth*, steamer, destroyed by fire, 488.
- Cone, Helen Gray, One, Two, Three, Four, noticed, 88.
- Confederate States, materials for the study of the government of the, 103; outlook for historical studies in the South, 104.
- Connecticut, first edition of the laws of, 348.
- Connecticut Historical Society, March meeting, search for American pedigrees in England, by Horace F. Waters, 421; April meeting, Philo Penfield Stewart, inventor of the Stewart stove, by Rev. E. F. Atwood, 422.
- Conrad, Charles M., appointed secretary of war, 398.
- Cooper, James Fenimore, founder of the Bread and Cheese Club of N. Y. City, 1824, 186.
- Cooper, Peter, the philanthropy of, 445.
- Coppee, Professor, doubtful questions concerning the discovery of America, 257.
- Corcovado Peak, Brazil, view of the railroad to, 280.
- Cornbury, Lord, governor of N. Y., wears female attire, 44.
- Cornelius Vanderbilt*, steamer, runs ashore, 487.
- Cornell University, advance of historical studies in, 116.
- Cortes, Hernando, discoveries of, 291.
- Corwin, Thomas, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 398.
- Crosby, William, governor of N. Y., sues Zenger for libel, 48.
- Costa Rica, form of government in, 74.
- Cox, Jacob D., appointed secretary of the interior, 401; resigns his office, 402.
- Randall Genealogy, noticed, 87.
- Crawford, George W., appointed secretary of war, 397.
- Crawford, William H., appointed secretary of war, 390; acting secretary of the treasury, 390; appointed secretary of the treasury, 390; electoral vote for, 391.
- Cresswell, John J., appointed postmaster-general, 402; resigns his office, 402.
- Crittenden, John J., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 394, 398.
- Crowninshield, Oliver, sketch of, 82.
- Crowninshield, Benjamin W., appointed secretary of the navy, 390.
- Crowninshield, Jacob, appointed secretary of the navy, 388.
- Curry, J. L. M., diplomatic services of George William Erving in Spain, 313.
- Cushing, Caleb, his nomination as secretary of the U. S. treasury, rejected by the Senate, 395; appointed attorney-general, 398.
- Cutler, H. G., romance of the map of the U. S., how California was named, 283.
- DALLAS, Alexander James, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 389; acting secretary of war, 390; resigns his office, 390.
- Darling, Gen. Charles W., list of historic and learned societies in the U. S., 423.
- Davis, Jefferson, appointed secretary of war, 398.
- Day, David F., memoir of George W. Clinton, 411.
- Dearborn, Henry, appointed secretary of war, 398.
- Deas, Mrs. Ann Izard, mentioned, 62.
- De Costa, Rev. B. F., discovery of America by the Welsh, 420.
- De Lancey, Alice, married to Ralph Izard, 61.
- Deane, Columbus, appointed secretary of the interior, 402; resigns his office, 403.
- Delaware and Hudson Canal Company, imports the second locomotive steam-engine, 190.
- Democratic Party, a study of the, 477.
- Demorest, David D., the Reformed Church in America, noticed, 263.
- Denmark, universities in, 344.
- Dennison, William, appointed postmaster-general, 400.
- Depew, Chauncey M., character of Washington Irving, 409; Orations and Speeches of, noticed, 420.
- De Peyster Family, ancestry of, 108.
- De Soto, Fernando, discoveries of, 292.
- Devens, Charles, appointed attorney-general, 404.
- Devereux, Eugene, Chronicles of the Plumsted Family, noticed, 511.
- Dexter, Samuel, appointed secretary of war, 388; secretary of the treasury of the U. S., 388.
- Dickens, Charles, portrait, 177; arrival at N. Y. 1842, 202; ball given in honor of, 203.
- Dickerson, Mahlon, appointed secretary of the navy, 393; resigns his office, 394.
- Dickinson, Don M., appointed postmaster-general, 405.
- Digby Arms, 80, 170.
- Dimitry, John, Laval, the first bishop of Quebec, 297.
- Dix, John A., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 390.
- Dix, Rev. Morgan, address at the installation of the President of Columbia College, 250.
- Dobbin, James C., appointed secretary of the navy, 398.
- Dodge, Theodore Ayrault, Life of Alexander, noticed, 351.
- Dongan, Thomas, governor of N. Y., 44; his report on the religious denominations in N. Y., 1687, 51.

- Doughty, Rev. Francis, driven from Mass., settles in N. Y., 51.
 Douglas, William, residence of, in N. Y., 307.
 Drew, Thomas Bradford, services of William Bradford, 327.
 Driarte, Charles, the Queen of the Adriatic, noticed, 88.
 Driftwood, noticed, 331.
 Drummond, Henry, glimpses of the Interior of Africa, 410.
 Duane, William J., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 393; removed from his office, 393.
 Duer, William A., portrait, 189.
 Dumont, Rachel, the Heroine of Kingston, noticed, 262.
 Dunning, William A., the impeachment and trial of President Johnson, 90.
 Durrett, Reuben T., sketch of, St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky., noticed, 431.
 Duryea, Rev. John, minister of the Reformed Dutch Church at Bedford, N. J.; his salary for 1878-80, 79.
 Dutch, first settlers in New Amsterdam, 43; descendants of the, in N. Y., 45; colony of New England opposes the, 46; political impress of the, 47; their commercial enterprise, 50; religious toleration under the, 51.
 Dutch West India Company, colonization of N. Y. by the, 43; develops the trade with N. Y., 50.
 Dykman, J. O., St. Anthony's Face, Hudson River, a masterpiece of natural sculpture, 23, 255.
- E**ATON, Amasa M., the legal condition of women of Rhode Island, 171.
 Eaton, John H., appointed secretary of war, 392; resigns his office, 393.
 Economics, Institutes of, noticed, 174.
 Ecuador, form of government in, 75, 268; universities in, 418.
 Egypt, universities in, 419.
 Elles, H. W., the development of free-soil doctrine, 347.
 Elliot, Andrew, collector of N. Y., residence and family of, 468.
 Elliott, J. R., American Farms, their Condition and Future, noticed, 511.
 Emigration and Immigration, noticed, 349.
 Emmet, Thomas Addis, M. D., view of N. Y., 1673, 14.
 Empire State, steamer, explosion on the, 486; destroyed by fire, 492.
 Endicott, William C., appointed secretary of war, 405.
 Engelheim, Charles, duke of, ancestry of, 417.
 England, American genealogical researches in, 357, 421; American Belles and Brides in a Century ago, 468.
 English, influence of the, on the colony of N. Y., 43.
 English Creole, the, in North America, 53.
 English language, words mispronounced, noticed, 361.
 Episcopal Church in N. Y., opposition to the, 48; proposed cathedral of the, 1828, 184.
- Ericsson, John, and engineering progress, 510.
 Erving, George William, his diplomatic services in Spain, J. L. M. Curry, 313.
 Europe, the Reconstruction of, noticed, 85; recent historical work in the colleges and universities of, 111.
 Eustis, William, appointed secretary of war, 388; resigns his office, 389.
 Evarts, William M., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 401; secretary of state, 404.
 Everett, Edward, appointed secretary of state, 398.
 Ewing, Thomas, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 394; secretary of the interior, 397.
- F**AIRCHILD, Charles S., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 405.
 Fairfax, Grace Bradford, proposed monument to Gov. Bradford, 334.
 Fashion, origin and caprices of, 83.
 Feather in your cap, origin of the phrase, 81.
 Federal and Anti-Federal, Gerry W. Hasketon, 25, 345.
 Ferguson, Clement, the Massachusetts Bay psalm-book, its origin and history, 384.
 Fessenden, William Pitt, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 400; resigns his office, 401.
 Field, Rev. Henry M., Bright Skies and Dark Shadows, noticed, 432.
 Fillmore, Millard, his cabinet ministers, 398.
 Fish, Hamilton, services of, 250; address at the installation of the president of Columbia college, 259; appointed secretary of state, 402.
 Fisk, Wilbur, Life of, noticed, 175.
 Fitzgerald, David, Pin-money, 81; origin of the phrase, "that's a feather in your cap," 81.
 Fitzroy, Lord Augustus, his reception in N. Y., 1732, 44.
 Fletcher, Benjamin, governor of N. Y., 44.
 Florida, the early discovery of, 289; hand book of, noticed, 350.
 Floyd, John B., appointed secretary of war, 398; resigns his office, 399; his trial, 399.
 Folger, Charles J., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 404; his death, 405.
 Foraging Expedition, the, Reba Gregory Prelat, 406.
 Ford, Worthington C., the government as the guardian of American history, 104.
 Forsyth, John, appointed secretary of state, 393.
 Fort Ancient, Ohio, noticed, 420.
 Fort Dearborn, location of the site of the Indian massacre at, 1812, 510.
 Fort Duquesne, the expedition against, 337.
 Forward, Walter, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 395; resigns his office, 395.
 France, universities in, 344.
 Francis, John W., M.D., portrait, 437, 439; social meetings at the residence of, 438, 440.
 Franklin, Benjamin, his disagreement with Ralph Izard, 69; and the French wig-maker, 84; characteristics of, 427.
- Free-soil Doctrine, the development of, 347.
 Frelinghuysen, Frederick T., appointed secretary of state, 404.
 French Canadians settle in Wisconsin, 377.
 French Church, erected in N. Y., 1704, 46.
 French and Indian War, origin of the, 335.
- G**ALLATIN, Albert, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 388; opposed to the war of 1812, 389; appointed commissioner to negotiate treaty with Great Britain, 389.
 Gardiner's Island, the manor of, 167.
 Garfield, James A., his cabinet ministers, 404.
 Garland, Augustus H., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 405.
 Garrett, W. R., the northern boundary of Tennessee, 210.
 Genesee country and valley, history and pioneers of, 421.
 George Washington, wreck of the steamer, 483.
 Gerard, James W., impress of nationalities on N. Y. City, 40; the retribution of Louis XIV., 422.
 Germans, their influence on N. Y. City, 58.
 Germany, universities in, 344.
 Gilmer, Thomas W., appointed secretary of the navy, 395; his death, 396.
 Gilpin, Henry D., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 394.
 Goff, Nathan, appointed secretary of the navy, 404.
 Goode, G. Browne, origin of our scientific institutions, 58.
 Graham, A. A., the early history of the Northwest Territory, 510.
 Graham, George, appointed secretary of war, 390.
 Graham, William A., appointed secretary of the navy, 398; nominated for the office of vice-president of U. S., 398.
 Granger, Francis, appointed postmaster-general, 394.
 Granite State, steamer, fire on board the, 491.
 Grant, Gen. Ulysses S., appointed secretary of war, 401; his cabinet ministers, 401-404; and the battle of Chattanooga, 510.
 Grayson, Col. William, services and character of, 382.
 Great Britain, universities in, 344.
 Green Bay, Wisconsin, its early social life, John Carter, 376.
 Green, Duff, his intimate relations with Gen. Jackson, 392.
 Gresham, Walter Q., appointed postmaster-general, 405; secretary of the treasury, 405; resigns his office, 405.
 Griffin, the first craft in which white men sailed the upper lakes, 412.
 Grubbs, Hugh Blair, the Virginia Convention of 1788, noticed, 429.
 Grinnell, George Bird, Pawnee Hero Stories and Folktales, noticed, 87.
 Griswold, Roger, appointed secretary of war, 388.
 Grundy, Felix, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 394.

Guatemala, form of government in, 75; universities in, 410.
Guthrie, James, appointed secretary of U. S. treasury, 308.
Gwinnett, Button, duel with Gen. McIntosh, 413.

HALL, Rev. John, the uses of history, 82, 162.

Hall, Nathan K., appointed postmaster-general, 398; judge of U. S. court, 398.

Hallam, Lewis, comedian of the American Theatre Company in Jamaica, W. I., 1782, play-bills, 504.

Hamilton, Alexander, services of, 249; appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 386; resigns his office, 387.

Hamilton, James A., acting secretary of state, 392.

Hamilton, Paul, appointed secretary of the navy, 388; resigns his office, 389.

Hardin, Benjamin, as a wit and humorist, 251.

Harlan, James, appointed secretary of the interior, 401.

Harris, G. H., the aboriginal history of the Genesee country and the pioneers of the Genesee valley, 421.

Harris, Rev. William, portrait, 187.

Harrison, William Henry, his cabinet ministers, 394; death of, 394.

Harryson, Katy, the Connecticut witch, 51.

Harvard College, advance of historical studies in, 112.

Hat, origin of lifting the, 254.

Hatton, Frank, appointed postmaster-general, 405.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel, the first printed article of, *Kate Tannett Woods*, 237.

Hayes, Rutherford B., his cabinet ministers, 404.

Hazleton, Gerry W., Federal and Anti-Federal, 25, 345.

Heaton, John L., the fourteenth State, 140.

Hempstead, Fay, History of Arkansas, noticed, 88.

Henshaw, David, appointed secretary of the navy, 395; rejected by the senate, 395.

Hepburn, Rev. George G., Abraham Lincoln, a poem, 78.

Hill, Hamilton Andrews, History of the Old South Church, noticed, 349.

Hill, Isaac, his intimate relations with Gen. Jackson, 392.

Historical Literature, Manual of, noticed, 261.

Historical Research, the spirit of, *James Schouler*, 132.

Historical Societies, list of, in the U. S., 423.

Historical Work in the Colleges and Universities, *Charles K. Adams*, 111.

History, the uses of, 82, 162; the dawn of, noticed, 174; methods of, 253.

Hoar, E. R., appointed attorney-general, 402; resigns his office, 402.

Holt, Lord Chief-Justice, anecdote of, 330.

Honduras, form of government in, 75; universities in, 410.

Hone Club, N. Y. City, founded 1838, members of the, 188.

Hone, Philip, portrait, 179; mayor of N. Y., 180; services of, 180; view of his residence, 181; names of the guests of, 182, 184, 190, 191, 193, 196; his trip to Boston, 1828, 184; president of the Hone Club, 190; diary of, noticed, 263.

Hopkins, Woolsey Rogers, Two Old N. Y. Houses, 510.

Hornellsville, N. Y., centennial, 258.

Horsford, Eben Norton, discovery of the ancient city of Norumbega, 173.

Houghton, George W. W., coaches in colonial N. Y., 346.

Howard, Gen. O. O., Gen. Grant and the battle of Chattanooga, 510.

Howe, Timothy O., appointed postmaster-general, 405; his death, 405.

Howe, Gen. William, order-books of, noticed, 352.

Hubbard, Samuel D., appointed postmaster-general, 393.

Huguenot Society of America, March 20th meeting, the retribution of Louis XIV., by James W. Gerard, 422; annual meeting, election of officers, 422.

Huguenots, persecution of, their character, emigrate to N. Y., 45, 51; names of some of the families of, 46; number of in N. Y., 1696, 46; erect church in N. Y., 1704, 46.

Humphrey, Maud, Calendar of Seasons and Nations, noticed, 88.

Hunt, William L., appointed secretary of the navy, 404.

Hunter, Robert, governor of N. Y., 44.

Hutchinson, Anne, refugee from Massachusetts, 51.

IDAHO, History of, noticed, 431.

Idlewild, steamer, accident to the, 491.

Immigration and Emigration, noticed, 340.

India, universities in, 418, 508.

Indian Territory in 1849, 258.

Indians, their impress on the national character, 45; petition of the Mohawks against the sale of their lands, 45; the engraving of Chief Chocorua, 80, 170, 235, 345; Pawnee Hero Stories, noticed, 87; the Flathead, 103; at Fort Du Quesne, 337; view of the huts of, in California, 359; their title to lands in Ky., 364; allies of the English, 368; influence of the Jesuits with the, 376; proposed monument to Red Jacket, 412, 425; sketch of Red Jacket, 404; the site of the massacre by the, at Fort Dearborn, 1812, 510.

Ingham, Samuel D., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 391; resigns his office, 393.

Insane Asylum, first private, in America, 506.

Iowa, earliest maps of, 416.

Ireland, number of immigrants from, to N. Y., 1789-1829, 56; the first immigrant from, 1655, 57.

Irish, influence of the, on N. Y. City, 57.

Irving, Washington, dinner to, at N. Y., 1832, 190; declines the appointment of secretary of the navy, 394; character of, 409; home life of, 436.

Island of seven cities, 417, 508.

Italy, universities in, 344.

Isard, Ralph, the South Carolina statesman, *G. E. Manigault*, 60.

JACKSON, Andrew, the electoral vote for, 1825, 391; his cabinet ministers, 391, 392, 393; his "kitchen cabinet," 392.

Jamaica, W. I., colleges in, 419.

James, Thomas L., appointed postmaster-general, 404.

Jameson, J. Franklin, Essays on the Constitutional History of the U. S., 1775-1789, noticed, 176.

Japan, universities in, 419, 508.

Jauncey, Mrs. James, Jr., extracts from letters of, 1782, 1783, on social affairs in N. Y. City, 472; married to Admiral Digby, 473.

Jay, John, first chief-justice of U. S., 249.

Jay, John, president American Historical Association, portrait, 94.

Jefferson, Thomas, anti-federalist, opposed to John Adams, 30; his views of State sovereignty, 31, 38; appointed secretary of state, 386; resigns his office, 387; his cabinet ministers, 388; declines the office of secretary of state, 388.

Jenner, Edward, M. D., his forecast of the weather, 1829, 344.

Jesuits, their first mission established in Wisconsin, 376.

Jewell, Marshall, appointed postmaster-general, 402; resigns his office, 404.

Jews in colonial N. Y., 51.

Johns Hopkins University, advance of historical studies in, 117.

Johnson, Andrew, the impeachment and trial of, 90, 401; his cabinet ministers, 401.

Johnson, Cave, appointed postmaster-general, 397.

Johnson, Reverdy, appointed attorney-general of the U. S., 397.

Johnson, Samuel, calls the Americans a race of convicts, 507.

Joliet, Louis, voyage of, 293.

Jones, Charles C., Jr., duel of Button Gwinnett and Gen. McIntosh, 413; unpublished letters of George Walton, contributed by, 502.

Jones, William, appointed secretary of the navy, 389; resigns his office, 390.

Jogues, Rev. Isaac, Jesuit missionary at N. Y., 51.

J. W. Harris, destruction of the propeller, 486.

KANSAS Crusade, History of the, noticed, 86.

Kansas Historical Society, annual meeting, election of officers, 257; paper on the lights and shadows of Kansas history, by William A. Phillips, 258, 267; the Indian Territory, by P. G. Lowe, 258.

Kearp, C. F., the Dawn of History, noticed, 174.

Kelley, Rev. D. C., the Scotch-Irish in Tennessee, 77.

Kemble, Charles, dinner to the comedian at N. Y., 194.

- Kemble, Lt. Col. Stephen, papers of, vols. i, ii, noticed, 82; ancestry and family of, 352; the capture of N. Y., 1776, 493.
- Kendall, Amos, services in the post-office department, 241; his intimate relations with Gen. Jackson, 392; appointed postmaster-general, 393; resigns his office, 394.
- Kennedy, John P., appointed secretary of the navy, 392.
- Kent Club, N. Y. City, members of the, 187.
- Kenton, Simon, the Kentucky pioneer, and his corn-patch, *Annie E. Wilson*, 450; views of the home of, 452, 453; portrait, 457.
- Kentucky, passes resolutions on State sovereignty, 31; the struggle for self-government in, 1784-1792, 103; admitted into the Union, 149; constitutional aspect of the struggle for autonomy in 1784-1792, *Ethelbert D. Warfield*, 363; pioneer life in, 450.
- Key, David McK., appointed postmaster-general, 404, 508; judge of U. S. court, 404.
- Kieft, William, director of New Netherland, his reply to the complaints of the English, 47.
- King, Charles, portrait, 193.
- King, Horatio, Tarleton's raid, 164; appointed postmaster-general, 398.
- King, James C., his services in the panic of 1837, 198; portrait, 199.
- Kirkwood, Samuel J., appointed secretary of the interior, 404.
- Kittereen, a pleasure vehicle, 506.
- Knox, Gen. Henry, appointed secretary of war, 386; resigns his office, 387.
- Kulp, George B., Families in the Wyoming Valley, vol. iii., noticed, 431.
- L**AKE Champlain and its Shores, noticed, 512.
- Lamar, L. Q. C., appointed secretary of the interior, 405; judge of U. S. court, 405.
- Lamb, Mrs. Martha J., William Cullen Bryant in history, 1; America's congress of historical scholars, 89; life in N. Y. fifty years ago, 1825-1850, 177; our South American neighbors, 265; Columbus explaining his theory of a new world, 406; American Belles and Brides in England a Century ago, 468; the golden age of colonial N. Y., 509.
- Lambdin, S. B., extracts from Virginia records, 1775-1776, 339.
- Lamon, Ward H., Aaron Burr's argument as a British subject, 167.
- Langlade, Augustin de, early settler in Wisconsin, 377.
- La Salle, Robert Cavalier, proposed monument of, 411; builds the first craft in which white men sailed the upper lakes, 412.
- Laval, François Xavier de Montmorency, as first Bishop of Quebec, *John Dimitt*, 227.
- Lawrence, Eugene, Bolivar and the South American Republics, 82.
- Lay, John, journals and journeys of, a pioneer of Buffalo, 509.
- Leadville, Colorado, growth of, 253.
- Learned, Walter, Between Times, noticed, 88.
- Leavitt, John, ancestry of, 254.
- Lee, Charles, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 387.
- Lee, Richard Henry, appointed commissioner of Westmoreland County, Va., 1776, 342.
- Legaré, Hugh S., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 395; secretary of state, his death, 395.
- Leisler, Jacob, assumes the administration of N. Y., executed for treason, 48.
- Lenapé-English Dictionary, noticed, 174.
- Letters. Washington to Capt Bartlett, Nov. 15th, Dec. ad and 16th, 1775, regarding the disposition of goods captured on vessels, 214; Lady Cathcart to Mrs. Gore, Dec. 4, 1780, January 24th and June 9th, 1781, on social affairs in London, 469, 471; Mrs. James Jauncey, Jr., extracts, 1782-1783, on social life in N. Y. City, 472; George Walton to his brother, Dec. 24, 1778, and January 4, 1779, on the siege of Savannah, Ga., 502; Gov. Sevier to Gen. Winchester, Nov. 9, 1803, on the possession of Louisiana, 503.
- Lewis, C. W., the Chocorua engraving, 345.
- Lewis, William B., his intimate relations with Gen. Jackson, 392.
- Lexington*, the steamboat, destroyed by fire, 484.
- Liberia, colleges in, 419.
- Lima, Peru, the buildings in, 260; view of the city of, 272; view of entrance to a house in, 275; portrait of a belle of, 277; society in, 278.
- Lincoln, Abraham, a poem, by George G. Hepburn, 78; personal reminiscences of, 256; captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war, 343; his cabinet ministers, 399-401.
- Lincoln, Levi, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 388.
- Lincoln, Robert T., appointed secretary of war, 404.
- Linnaean Scientific and Historical Society, Lancaster, Pa., annual meeting, election of officers, 258.
- Livingston, Edward, appointed secretary of state, 393; resigns his office, minister to France, 392.
- Livingston, Philip, signer of Declaration of Independence, his services, 361; portrait, 362; number of portraits of, 508.
- Locomotive steam-engine, the first trial trip of the, between Albany and Schenectady, N. Y., 178; Delaware and Hudson Canal Company imports the second, 190.
- Lodge, Henry Cabot, Washington's conception of America's future, 160.
- Long Island*, steamer, runs ashore, 487.
- Long Island Sound, disasters on, 1827-1828, *Samuel Barber*, 483.
- Louis XIV, the retribution of, 422.
- Louisiana, purchased by the U. S., 35; Strange True Stories of, noticed, 263; the possession of, by the U. S., 503.
- Lovelace, Lord, governor of N. Y., 44.
- Low, Seth, Columbia College and her distinguished students, 249; proceedings at the installation of, as president of Columbia College, 259.
- Lowe, P. G., the Indian Territory, 258.
- Lowell, Robert, the New Priest in Conception Bay, noticed, 87.
- Lutherans in colonial N. Y., 51.
- M**CLELLAND, Robert, appointed secretary of the interior, 398.
- McCrary, George W., appointed secretary of war, 404; judge U. S. court, 404.
- McCray, Florine Thayer, Uncle Tom's Cabin and Mrs. Stowe, 16, 85.
- McCulloch, Hugh, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 401, 405.
- McHenry, James, appointed secretary of war, 387.
- McIntosh, Gen. Lachlan, duel with Button Gwinnett, 413.
- McKenna, Thomas M. T., appointed secretary of the interior, resigns his office, 398.
- McLane, Louis, appointed secretary of U. S. treasury, 393; secretary of state, 393.
- MacLean, J. P., History of the Clan MacLean, noticed, 87.
- McLean, John, appointed secretary of war, declines, 395.
- McVeagh, Wayne, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 404.
- Madison, James, a Federalist, 30; his resolutions on State sovereignty, 31, 36, 38; appointed secretary of state, 388; his cabinet ministers, 388, 389, 390; declares war with Great Britain, 389.
- Manigault, G. E., Ralph Izard, the South Carolina statesman, 60.
- Manitoba, Colleges in, 419, 508.
- Manning, Daniel, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 405; resigns his office, 405.
- Marcy, William L., appointed secretary of war, 397; secretary of state, 398.
- Marietta, O., centennial, noticed, 351.
- Marquette, Jacques, voyage of, 293.
- Marshall, John, appointed secretary of state, 388.
- Marston, Orville, women as soldiers, 254.
- Maryland, Archives of, vol. vii., noticed, 173.
- Mason, John Y., appointed secretary of the navy, 396, 397; attorney-general, 397.
- Mason, Otis T., the student a debtor to the historian, 104.
- Massachusetts, laws of, 1660-1700, 348.
- Massachusetts Bay psalm-book, its origin and history, *Clement Ferguson*, 384.
- Maynard, Horace, appointed postmaster-general, 404.
- Mellick, Andrew D., The Story of an Old Farm, noticed, 86.
- Meredith, William M., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 397.
- Methodist Church, first in America, 79; Lost Chapters from the Early History of the, noticed, 261.
- Metis*, wreck of the propeller, 489.

- Mexicans, sacred songs of the ancient, 168.
 Mexico, form of government in, 74;
 universities in, 419.
 Michigan University, advance of
 historical studies in, 114.
 Milford, Edward, proprietor of
 American Hotel, N. Y., 181.
 Mills, Herbert Elmer, the French
 Revolution in San Domingo, 96.
 Milton, Mass., history of, 422.
 Minnissink Valley Historical Society,
 annual meeting, election of offi-
 cers, 346.
 Mohawk Indians, petition against
 the sale of their lands, 45.
 Mombert, J. L., History of Charles
 the Great, noticed, 175.
 Monroe, James, appointed secretary
 of state, 388; acting secretary of
 war, 390; his cabinet ministers,
 390.
 Montana, History of, noticed, 471.
 Montana Historical Society, Febru-
 ary meeting, list of officers, 256.
 Montgomerie, John, governor of N.
 Y., munificence of, 44.
 Moody, Lady Deborah, opposes in-
 fant baptism, settles on Long
 Island, 55.
 Moore, Nathaniel F., portrait, 191.
 Morehead, Warren K., Fort An-
 cient, Ohio, noticed, 429.
 Morocco, universities in, 419.
 Morrill, Lot M., appointed secretary
 of the U. S. treasury, 404.
 Morris, Charles, Aryan Sun Myth,
 the Origin of Religions, noticed,
 173.
 Morse, Samuel F. B., first telegraph
 experiments of, 178.
 Moses, John, personal reminiscences
 of Abraham Lincoln, 256.
 Muhlenberg, Rev. William A., Life
 of, noticed, 350.
 Murdock, Harold, the Reconstruction
 of Europe, noticed, 85.
 Murray, James, Irish immigrant,
 letter to Rev. Baptist Boyd, 1737,
 57.
 Murray, W. H. H., Lake Champlain
 and its Shores, noticed, 512.
- N**ARRAGANSETT, steamer, de-
 stroyed by fire, 490.
 Nationalities, impress of, on N. Y.
 City, 40.
 Nebraska Historical Society, annual
 meeting, papers on State legisla-
 ture and legislation, by Albert
 Watkins; Salem witchcraft, by
 Prof. Kingsley; the christening
 of the Platte; by Judge Savage;
 the educational history of Omaha,
 by Mrs. M. B. Newton; the de-
 velopment of free-soil doctrine; elec-
 tion of officers, 347.
 Nelson, John, appointed attorney-
 general of the U. S., 395; acting
 secretary of state, 396.
 Nevada, History of, noticed, 175.
 New Brunswick, universities in, 419.
 Newdigate, John, arms and ancestry
 of, 80, 170.
 New England, opposed to N. Y., 46;
 consolidated with N. Y., 47; reli-
 gious refugees from, at N. Y., 51;
 the first Christmas in, 70; the eco-
 nomic and social history of, 102,
 257.
 Newfoundland, colleges in, 429.
- New Hampshire, first edition of the
 laws of, 348.
 New Jersey, the Story of an Old
 Farm, or life in, noticed, 86; second
 edition of the laws of, 348.
 Newport, accident to the steamer,
 491.
 Newport, R. I., the naval school at,
 171.
 New Priest in Conception Bay, a
 novel, noticed, 87.
 Newton, Mrs. M. B., the educational
 history of Omaha, 347.
 Newton, William Wilberforce, Life
 of William A. Muhlenberg, no-
 ticed, 350.
 New York City, view of, 1673, 14;
 impress of nationalities on, 40;
 settlement and colonization, 42;
 population during the Dutch and
 English periods, 42; population,
 1800-1880, 43; nativity of the pre-
 sent population, 43; immigrants to,
 sold in servitude, 43; prosperity of,
 under the English, 43, 50; gov-
 ernors of, under the English, 44;
 characteristics of the people, in
 1750, 44; the French population,
 45; Indians driven from, 45; Wal-
 loons and Palantines arrive at, 46;
 colony of New England opposed to,
 46; colonies of N. Y. and New
 England consolidated, 47; the
 municipal system, 48; Whig Club
 organized, 48; the religious ele-
 ment in, 48, 51; first bill of rights, 48;
 administration of Leisler, 48; free-
 dom of the press, trial of Zenger, 48;
 Sons of Liberty organized, 49; op-
 position to the stamp act, 49; trade
 of the Dutch, 50; the slave-trade
 in, 50; principles of toleration
 maintained by the Dutch and
 English, 51; religious toleration,
 51; opposition to the Roman
 Catholics, 52; health of the in-
 habitants of, 53; number of, and
 nationality of, immigrants to,
 1789-1794, 1820-1826, 1842, 1846,
 1845-1854, 1882, 56; the first Irish
 immigrant, 1655, 57; climate of,
 1678, 57; influence of the Irish and
 Germans, 58; John Street Metho-
 dist Church, 79; the early news-
 paper press of, 172; life in, fifty
 years ago, 177; introduction of
 gas, 178, 192; telegraph experi-
 ments, 178; Croton water intro-
 duced, 178, 201; newspapers, 178;
 fire of 1835, 178, 196; the bread and
 Astor Place riots, 178; society,
 179, 182, 188, 192; politics and
 amusements, 179; first savings-
 bank, 180; value of Broadway
 property in 1836, 181, 182; view of
 the Hone residence and American
 Hotel, 181; dinner parties in 1825-
 1850, 182, 184, 187, 189, 190, 193,
 194, 196, 203, 206, 207, 209; resi-
 dences in Broadway, and St.
 John's Park, 182, 183; proposed
 Episcopal cathedral, 1828, 184; the
 Bread and Cheese Club, and its
 members, 186; the Book Club,
 186; the Kent Club, 187; Union
 Club founded, 188; Hone Club,
 188; Literary and Philosophical
 Society, 190; fancy ball of 1820,
 190; dinner to Washington Irving,
 1832, 190; dinner to Daniel Web-
 ster, 192; the Battery in 1836, 193;
 dinner to Charles Kemble, the
 comedian, 194; the Park Theatre,
 195, 197; panic of 1837, 197; semi-
 centennial of the revival of Colum-
 bia College, 200; view of the foun-
 tains in City Hall Park, 1842, 201;
 amusements in, 1842, 202; arrival
 of Charles Dickens, 203; the Dick-
 ens ball and dinner, 203; City
 Hotel, 203; Washington Hall, 208;
 coaches in colonial, 346; the first
 private coach in, 346; in 1772,
 412; centennial of the Supreme
 Court held in, 428; the old resi-
 dents of, 433; Prince of Wales
 visit, 446; Minto, the country resi-
 dence of Andrew Elliot, 468;
 social life in, 1782-1783, 472; the
 capture of, in 1776, 493; plan of
 John Watts to crush liberty in,
 1777, 505; the golden age of colo-
 nial, 509; the fire of 1776, 500; two
 old State street houses in, 510.
- New York Genealogical and Bio-
 graphical Society, December meet-
 ing, paper on the early newspaper
 press of Boston and N. Y., by Will-
 iam L. Stone, 172; January 8th meet-
 ing, election of trustees, 173; Janu-
 ary 15th meeting, election of offi-
 cers, 256; January 17th meeting,
 American genealogical researches
 in England, by Henry F. Waters,
 256; January 24th meeting, doubt-
 ful questions concerning the dis-
 covery of America, by Prof. Cop-
 pee, 256; February 28th meeting,
 address on John Ericsson, by Col.
 William C. Church, 510; March
 14th meeting, Gen. Grant and the
 battle of Chattanooga, by Gen. O.
 O. Howard, 510; April 11th meet-
 ing, address on Gen. John Petersen,
 by Prof. Egleston, 510; May 9th
 meeting, two old N. Y. houses,
 by Col. Woolsey R. Hopkins, 510.
- New York Historical Society, anni-
 versary meeting, address on the
 uses of history, by Rev. Dr. John
 Hall; December meeting, paper on
 Bolivar and the South American
 Republics, 82; annual meeting,
 reports, election of officers, 271;
 February meeting, Ludwig, Baron
 von Closen's Reminiscences of the
 American Revolution, by Clarence
 Winthrop Bowen, 256; March
 meeting, coaches in colonial N. Y.,
 by George W. W. Houghton, 346;
 Collections, vols. xvi, xvii, noticed,
 332; April meeting, the discovery
 of America by the Welsh, by Rev.
 Dr. B. F. De Costa, 420; May
 meeting, the golden age of colonial
 N. Y., by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, 509.
- New York Volunteers, a manuscript
 history of the 100th regiment, 258.
- New Zealand, universities in, 418, 508.
- Nicaragua, universities in, 419.
- Niles, John M., appointed postmas-
 ter-general, 394.
- Northwest Territory, the early his-
 tory of, the 510.
- Norton, Charles Ledyard, Hand-
 Book of Florida, noticed, 350.
- Norumbega, discovery of the ancient
 city of, noticed, 173, 290.
- Norway, university in, 344.
- Notes.—January.—The first Christ-
 mas in New England, 79; the min-
 ister's salary in Hedminster, N. J.,
 1788, 79; first Methodist preaching-
 house in America, 79.

- February*—Manor of Gardiner's Island, 167; Aaron Burr's argument as a British subject, 167; 168; sacred songs of the ancient Mexicans, 168.
- March*—Growth of Leadville, 253; Columbia, 253; methods in history, 253; ancestry of Thomas Prince, 254.
- April*—Translations from Virgil by Bryant, 343; Lincoln and Bryant, 343; Dr. Jenner's forecast of the weather, 1829, 344.
- May*—Cane of Pope the poet, 416; character of Bismarck, 416; earliest maps of Iowa, 416; the Bryant School, 417.
- June*—Hallam's American Theatre Company in the West Indies, 504; plan of John Watts to crush liberty in N. Y., 505; the André tree at Tarrytown, N. Y., 505; Southampton, L. I., celebration, 506.
- Nova Scotia, colleges in, 419.
- Noylan, Stephen, secretary to Washington, letters of Nov. 15th, Dec. 2d, and Dec. 10th, 1775, to William Bartlett, respecting captured vessels, 414.
- O**HIO, centennial of the early settlement of, noticed, 351.
- Oliver Ellsworth*, explosion of the steamer, 483.
- Omaha, the educational history of, 347.
- Onderdonk, Rev. Benjamin T., consecrated bishop, 185.
- Oneida Historical Society, November meeting, paper on the life and times of Gov. Peter Stuyvesant, by J. T. Watson, 82.
- Ontario, Canada, universities in, 419, 508.
- Original Documents—Extracts from Virginia records, 1775-1776, 339; three letters of Stephen Noylan, Washington's secretary, to Capt. William Bartlett, Nov. 15th, Dec. 2d and 10th, 1775, in regard to the disposition of goods on captured vessels, 414; two letters of George Walton, Dec. 24th, 1776, and Jan. 4th, 1777, 502; letter of Gov. Sever to Gen. Winchester, Nov. 9th, 1803, respecting the possession of Louisiana, 503.
- PAINE**, Silas H., origin of the troubles in North America, 1758, 335.
- Palatinces, settle in N. Y., 46.
- Paraguay, form of government in, 74, 75; universities in, 418.
- Parker, James, homestead of, Amboy, N. J., 168.
- Parsons, Theodore, acting attorney-general of U. S., 388.
- Paulding, James K., appointed secretary of the navy, 394.
- Pavey, George M., American Republics, their differences, 74; modern State constitutions, 152; a century of cabinet ministers, 1780-1889, 386.
- Pawnee Hero Stories, noticed, 87.
- Pearce, James A., appointed secretary of the interior, declines, 398.
- Pegram, John S., the naval school at Newport, R. I., 171.
- Pelletreau, William S., Washington's wooing of Mary Philipse, 169.
- Pennsylvania, students' series, vol. i., noticed, 174; account of, in 1765, 326; first edition and early laws of, 348; discovery of oil in, 507.
- Pennsylvania Historical Society, the Charlemagne Tower collection of colonial laws presented to, 348.
- Persia, colleges in, 419.
- Peru, form of government, 74, 76; specimens of the drawings and handiwork of the natives of, 267, 269, 270, 271; character and customs of the natives of, 270.
- Petroleum oil, the discovery of, 507.
- Pfimmer, Will W., Driftwood, noticed, 351.
- Philadelphia, first piano made in, 334.
- Philipse, Mary, Washington's wooing of, 169.
- Phyle, William Henry P., Seven Thousand Words often Mispronounced, noticed, 261.
- Piano, first in U. S., 334; History of the, noticed, 350.
- Pickering, Timothy appointed secretary of war, 387; secretary of state, 387; resigns his office, 388.
- Pierce, Franklin, his cabinet ministers, 398.
- Pierrepoint, Edwards, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 402; minister to England, 404.
- Pinkney, William, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 389; resigns his office, 399.
- Pin-money, origin of the phrase, 81.
- Plumley, G. S., Washington at the Columbus Exposition, 323.
- Plumsted Family, noticed, 511.
- Plymouth, Mass., records, vol. i., 1636-1705, noticed, 265.
- Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association, annual meeting, 347; history and proceedings of, noticed, 511.
- Poinset, Joel R., appointed secretary of war, 394.
- Political Parties, a study of, *Franklin A. Becker*, 475.
- Polk, James K., his cabinet ministers, 397.
- Pomeroy, Gen. Seth, the neglected grave of, his services, *Frank Sutton*, 247.
- Ponce de Leon, Juan, discoveries of, 289.
- Poole, Murray Edward, ancestry of Robert C. Winthrop, 255; universities of the world, 418, 507.
- Poole, William F., portrait, 94.
- Pope Alexander, poet, the cane of, 416.
- Porter, James M., appointed secretary of war, 395; rejected by the senate, 395.
- Porter, Peter B., appointed secretary of war, 391.
- Portugal, universities in, 344.
- Post Office, history of the, 241.
- Prelat, Reba Gregory, the foraging expedition, 496.
- Prentice, George, Life of Wilbur Fisk, noticed, 175.
- Presbyterian Church in N. Y., opposition to the, 48.
- Press, freedom of the, in N. Y., 1735, 48.
- Preston, William B., appointed secretary of the navy, 397.
- Prince Edward's Island, colleges in, 419, 508.
- Prince, Thomas, note of, June 4, 1738, concerning the manuscript of Gov. Bradford, 230; ancestry of, 254.
- Princeton*, war steamer, explosion on board the, 356.
- Psychology of attention, noticed, 262.
- Puritans in N. Y., 51.
- Q**UAKERS in colonial N. Y., 51.
- Quebec, the first bishop of, 297; universities in, 419, 508.
- Queen Elizabeth's cipher, 80.
- Queen of the Adriatic, noticed, 88.
- Queries.—*January*—The Chocorua engraving, 80; robbing Peter to pay Paul, 80; Newdigate arms, 80; Digby arms, 80; Queen Elizabeth's cipher, 80.
- February*—The remains of Columbus, 169; origin of surnames, 169.
- March*—Women as soldiers, 254; lifting the hat, 254; ancestry of John Leavitt, 254; St. Anthony's Face, 254.
- April*—Universities of the world, 344.
- May*—Race of convicts, 417; island of seven cities, 417; Charles, Duke of Engelheim, 417.
- June*—The Kittereen, 506; Stuyvesant's false leg, 506; first private insane asylum, 506; petroleum oil, 507.
- Quito, Ecuador, form of government in, 74, 76, 268; early civilization in, 268.
- R**ACE of convicts, origin of the phrase, 417, 507.
- Ramsey, Alexander, appointed secretary of war, 404.
- Randall, Alexander W., appointed postmaster-general, 401.
- Randolph, Edmund, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 386; secretary of state, 387; resigns his office, 387.
- Rawlins, John A., appointed secretary of war, 403; his death, 402.
- Ray, Robert, receptions and parties given at the residence of, in N. Y., 192, 208.
- Read, Gen. J. Meredith, the cane of Pope the poet, 416.
- Red jacket, proposed monument to the Indian chief, 412, 495; sketch of, 494.
- Reed, Luman, portrait, 185; patron of American artists 196.
- Reformed Church in America, noticed, 263.
- Replica—*January*—Pin-money, 81; that's a feather in your cap, 81.
- February*—Washington's wooing of Mary Philipse, 169; the Newdigate and Digby arms, 170; Chocorua engraving, 170; robbing Peter to pay Paul, 170.
- March*—St. Anthony's Face, 255; ancestry of Robert C. Winthrop, 255; Chocorua engraving, 255.
- April*—Origin of surnames, 345; Federal and Anti Federal, 345; the Chocorua engraving, 345.

- May—Court of St. James, 418; universities of the world, 418.
- Yams—Race of convicts, 507; universities of the world, 507; the island of seven cities, 508; century of cabinet ministers, 508; the portraits of Philip Livingston the Signer, 508.
- Republican Party, a study of the, 477.
- Rhode Island, the loyalists of, 346; first edition of the laws of, 348.
- Rhode Island Historical Society, Nov. meeting, paper on Oliver Cromwell, by George H. Clarke, D.D., 82; Dec. 10th meeting, the naval school at Newport, by John S. Pegram, 171; Dec. 31st meeting, the legal condition of the women of R. I., by Amasa M. Eaton, 172; annual meeting, election of officers, 172; January 28th meeting, economic and social history of New England, 1620-1780, by William B. Weedon, 256; February 25th meeting, the loyalists of R. I., by William P. Sheffield, 346; March 12th meeting, history of Milton, Mass., by Rev. James G. Vose, 422; March 27th meeting, civil service, by George M. Carpenter, 422.
- Ribot, Th., the Psychology of Attention, 105, 132.
- Rich, Caroline W. D., ancestry of John Leavitt, 254.
- Richardson, William A., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 402; resigns his office, 402; judge of the U. S. court, 402.
- Rio Janeiro, Brazil, public buildings of, 285; universities in, 507.
- Robbing Peter to pay Paul, origin of the phrase, 80, 170.
- Robeson, George M., appointed secretary of the navy, 402.
- Rochester Historical Society, papers read before the society: Rochester in ancient history, by Jane Marsh Parker; catalogue of inventions made since 1812, by Henry E. Rochester; memoir of H. E. Rochester, by Judge Angle; the aboriginal history of the Genesee country and pioneers of the Genesee valley, by G. H. Harris; an epitome of a work on colonial laws, 1664, by Judge Angle; December meeting, report on the perpetuating the name of Carroll, and poem by Mrs. Dowling; sketch of H. E. Peck, by Mrs. Parker; January meeting, reminiscences of Rochester, 1812-1830, by Rev. F. D. Ward; February meeting, the public schools of Rochester, by S. A. Ellis; March meeting, sketch of Dr. Dewey, by Mrs. C. M. Curtis; music in Rochester, by H. D. Wilkins; April meeting, antiquities of Mount Hope, by Judge Angle; and the last Indian sacrifice, by Mrs. Terry, 421.
- Rodney, Caesar A., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 388.
- Roman Catholics, opposition to the, in N. Y., 174, 32.
- Roosevelt, Theodore, the westward movement during the Revolutionary War, 102.
- Rush, Richard, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 389, 390; minister to England, 390; secretary of the U. S. treasury, 391.
- Russell, Charles H., residence of, in N. Y., lighted with gas, 1836, 192.
- Russia, universities in, 344.
- St. Anthony's Face, N. Y., 23, 254, 255; view of, 23.
- St. James, court of, 345, 418.
- St. John's Chapel, N. Y. City, view of, 183.
- St. John's Park, N. Y. City, the residents of, 1830, 183; view of, 183.
- St. Paul's Church, Louisville, Ky., History of, noticed, 431.
- Salem Witchcraft, 347.
- San Domingo, form of government in, 74; the French Revolution in, 96.
- San Salvador, universities in, 419.
- Sandwich Islands, colleges in, 419.
- Sarah W. Clark, schooner, meets with accident, 491.
- Scaife, Walter B., the development of international law, 99.
- Schenectady, N. Y., first railroad between Albany and, 178.
- Schmerhorn, Mrs. Abraham, gives fancy ball in N. Y., 1820, 190.
- Schofield, Gen. John M., appointed secretary of war, 401.
- Schouler, James, the spirit of historical research, 105, 132.
- Schurz, Carl, appointed secretary of the interior, 401.
- Scotch-Irish in Tennessee, 77, 88.
- Scott, Gen. Winfield, acting secretary of war, 398.
- Scruggs, William L., the discovery of petroleum oil, 507.
- Seawanhaka, steamer, destroyed by fire, 491.
- Severance, Frank H., work of the Buffalo Historical Society, 411; journals and journeys of John Lay, a pioneer of Buffalo, 509.
- Sevier, Gov. John, unpublished letter of, Nov. 9, 1803, respecting the possession of Louisiana by U. S., 503.
- Seward, William H., appointed secretary of state, 399.
- Shawnee Indians, treaty with the, 1774, 364.
- Sheffield, William P., the Loyalists of R. I., 346.
- Shelby, Isaac, appointed secretary of war, declines, 399.
- Sherman, John, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 404.
- Sherman, General William T., acting secretary of war, 402.
- Shinn, Charles Howard, Spanish pioneer houses of California, 353.
- Singleton, Roy, services and character of Col. William Grayson, 382; sketch of Bishop Jonathan Mayhew Wainwright, 1792-1854, 481.
- Slavery in N. Y. City, 30; Sir John Bowring and American, 232.
- Slaughter, Henry, governor of N. Y., orders the execution of Leisler, 48.
- Smith, Caleb B., appointed secretary of the interior, 399; judge U. S. court, 400.
- Smith, Richmond Mayo, Emigration and Immigration, noticed, 349.
- Smith, Robert, appointed secretary of the navy, 388; secretary of state, 383; resigns the latter office, 388; declines the appointment of minister to Russia, 389.
- Smith, Col. William, the first private coach in N. Y., 1686, property of, 346.
- Smith, William Hooker, establishes first private insane asylum, 506.
- Smithsonian Institution, established, 98.
- Snow, Freeman, a defence of congressional government, 100.
- Sons of Liberty, organized in N. Y., 49.
- South America, the republics of, 74; our South American neighbors, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, 265; Around and About, noticed, 352; universities in, 418, 507.
- South and West, Studies in the, noticed, 85.
- Southard, Samuel L., appointed secretary of the navy, 390, 391.
- Spain, universities in, 344.
- Speed, James, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 400; resigns his office, 401.
- Spencer, John C., appointed secretary of war, 395; secretary of the treasury, 395; resigns the latter office, 396.
- Spillane, Daniel, History of the American Piano-forte, noticed, 350.
- Stamp Act, opposed in N. Y., 49.
- Stanbery, Henry, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 401; resigns his office, 401; nominated as judge of U. S. court, rejected by the senate, 401.
- Standing, Percy Cross, an account of Pennsylvania, 1765, 326.
- Standish of Standish, story of the Pilgrims, noticed, 175.
- Stanton, Edwin M., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 399; secretary of war, 400; requested to resign, declines, is removed, re-instated, 421; judge of U. S. court, 401.
- Starch, origin of, 83.
- State constitutions, modern, George M. Poney, 152.
- State of New York, explosion on the steamer, 483.
- Stevens, John C., residence of, in N. Y., 207.
- Stewart, Alexander T., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 401; his business relations with the government make him ineligible, resigns, 402.
- Stewart, George, Jr., present condition of historical studies in Canada, 104.
- Stewart, Philo Penfield, inventor of cooking-stoves, 422.
- Stoddert, Benjamin, appointed secretary of the navy, 387.
- Stone, William L., the early newspaper press of Boston and N. Y., 1792; St. Anthony's Face, 254; the Accorua engraving, 255, 345.
- Stowe, Mrs. Harris Beecher, the publication of her work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," its effect on slavery, 16; residence of, 17; portrait of, 20.
- Stuart, Alexander H. H., appointed secretary of the interior, 396.
- Stuyvesant, Gov. Peter, life and times of, 82; his false leg, 506.
- Sumner, John Osborne, materials for the study of the government of the Confederate States, 103.

- Supreme Court of U. S., centennial, 428.
 Surnames, origin of, 169, 345.
 Sutton, Frank, the neglected grave of, 247.
 Seth Pomeroy, 247.
 Sweden, universities in, 344.
 Switzerland, universities in, 344.
 Syria, colleges in, 419.
- T**AFT, Alphonso, appointed secretary of war, 404; attorney-general, 404.
 Taney, Roger B., appointed attorney-general, 393; secretary of the U. S. treasury, 393; his appointment to the treasury rejected by the senate, 393.
 Tarleton, Gen. Benastre, anecdote of his raid into Virginia, 1781, 164; verses on the raid of, 165.
 Tarrytown, N. Y., the André tree struck by lightning, 305.
 Taylor, Zachary, his cabinet ministers, 397; his death, 397.
 Teller, Henry M., appointed secretary of the interior, 405.
 Tennessee, the Scotch-Irish in, 77; the Northern boundary of, *W. R. Garrett*, 220; *Milton T. Adkins*, 331.
 Teutonic Race, the impress of the, 41.
 Thatcher, T. D., lights and shadows of Kansas history, 258.
 Thayer, Eli, History of the Kansas Crusade, noticed, 86.
 Thomas, Edith M., Babes of the Nations, noticed, 88.
 Thomas, Lorenzo, appointed secretary of war, 401.
 Thomas, Philip F., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 398.
 Thompson, Jacob, appointed secretary of the interior, 398.
 Thompson, Richard W., appointed secretary of the navy, 404; resigns his office, 404.
 Thompson, Smith, appointed secretary of the navy, 397; resigns his office, associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, 390.
 Toler, Mrs. James B., tribute to, 108; portrait, 109.
 Toucey, Isaac, appointed attorney-general, 397; secretary of the navy, 398.
 Tower, Charlemagne, his collection of colonial laws presented to the Pa. Historical Society, 348.
 Traveller, the steamer, accident to the, 487.
 Trent, William P., Historical Studies in the South, 104.
 Trinity Church, N. Y., suits against the, 48.
 Truesdale, W. W., origin of the phrase, "race of convicts," 507.
 Trumbull, Amos, island of seven cities, 417.
 Trumbull, Col. John, paints portrait of Ralph Izard, 69.
 Tryon, William, governor of N. Y., his opinion of the stamp act, 49.
 Tuckerman, Bayard, diary of Philip Hone, 1828-1851, noticed, 263.
 Tuckerman, Charles K., Sir John Bowring and American Slavery, 231; some old New Yorkers, 433.
 Turkey, colleges in, 419, 508.
 Turner, D., anecdote of Lord Chief-Justice Holt, 330.
- Tyler, John, his cabinet ministers, 394, 395, 396.
 Tyler, Lyon Gardiner, William and Mary College, 103.
 Tyner, James M., appointed post-master-general, 404.
- U**NCLE Tom's Cabin, and Mrs. Stowe, 16; noticed, 85.
 Union Club, N. Y. City, founded, 1896, 488.
 United States, Federal and Anti-Federal, 25; State rights, Articles of Confederation, 26; convention of 1789, 27; the preamble of the Constitution, 29; Washington retires from the presidency of, 29; John Adams president of, 29; the opposition to the Federal Constitution, 31; purchases Louisiana, 35, 503; the English race in the, 53; the first Methodist church in, 79; military academy founded, 98; patent office, established, 98; the trial of President Johnson, 99; a defence of congressional government, 100; first law school in, 103; the guardian of American history, 104; recent historical work in the colleges and universities of, 111; Vermont admitted as the fourteenth State, 140; admission of Kentucky, 149; modern State constitutions, 152; Washington's conception of the future of the, 160; Constitutional History of the, noticed, 176, 262; history of the office of auditor of the treasury for the post-office, 241; number of postmasters in, 241; the money-order system, 242; first chief-justice, 249; romance of the map of the, 288; first piano made in, 334; universities in, 344; the development of free-soil doctrine, 347; Emigration and Immigration, noticed, 349; the cabinet ministers of, 1789-1889, 386; centennial of the Supreme Court of the, 428; the study of political parties, 475; first private insane asylum, 506; the early history of the Northwest Territory, 510.
 United States, explosion on the steamer, 483.
 Universities, number of, in the world, 244, 418, 507.
 Upshur, Abel P., appointed secretary of the navy, 395; secretary of state, 395; his death, 396.
 Uruguay, form of government in, 74, 75; universities in, 418.
 Usher, John P., appointed secretary of the interior, 400; resigns his office, 401.
- V**AN BUREN, John, characteristics of, 442; portrait, 443.
 Van Buren, Martin, elected president of U. S., character of, 196; appointed secretary of state, 391; resigns his office, 393; his cabinet ministers, 394.
 Van Dam, Rip, governor of N. Y., removed for disloyalty, 48.
 Venezuela, form of government in, 74, 75; universities in, 418, 507.
 Vermont, the admission of, as the fourteenth State, 140; first edition of the laws of, 348.
 Verrazzano, Jean, discoveries of, 289.
- Victoria, universities in, 418.
 Vilas, William F., appointed post-master-general, 405; secretary of the interior, 405.
 Vincent, Frank, around and about South America, noticed, 352.
 Virginia, resolutions on State sovereignty, 31, 36; extracts from the records of, 1775-1776, 339.
 Virginia Historical Society, collections, vol. ix., the Virginia federal convention of 1788, noticed, 429.
 Vose, Rev. James G., History of Milton, Mass., 422.
 Vroom, John, mentioned, 79.
- W**AINWRIGHT, Rt. Rev. Jonathan Mayhew, portrait, 433; sketch of, 481.
 Wakeley, J. B., Lost Chapters from the Early History of American Methodism, noticed, 261.
 Waldenses in N. Y., 51.
 Wales, Prince of, his visit to N. Y., 446.
 Walker, Robert J., appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 397.
 Walloons, emigrate from Flanders and settle on Long Island and N. Y., 46, 51.
 Walton, George, two unpublished letters of, Dec. 24, 1778, and January 4, 1779, respecting the siege of Savannah, 322.
 Warfield, Ethelbert D., Kentucky's struggle for self-government, 1784-1792, 103; constitutional aspect of Kentucky's struggle for autonomy, 1784-1792, 363.
 Warner, Charles Dudley, Studies in the South and West, noticed, 85.
 Warrington, Commodore L., acting secretary of the navy, 396.
 Washburne, Elihu B., appointed secretary of state, 401; minister to France, 402.
 Washington, George, retires from the presidency, 29; his residence at Mount Vernon, 96; presented with set of china, 98; favors founding a national university, 98; his interest in scientific progress, 98; prepares paper on agricultural science, 98; proposes the establishment of a military academy, 98; his conception of America's future, 162; verses on his retirement from public life, 163; his wooing of Mary Philpess, 169; his cabinet ministers, 388; three letters of the secretary of, to Capt. Bartlett, Nov. 15th, Dec. 2d and 10th, 1775, regarding the disposition of goods on captured vessels, 414.
 Washington Hall, N. Y. City, sale of, 208.
 Washington Square, N. Y. City, selected as a site for a cathedral, 1828, 184.
 Washington Territory, History of, noticed, 431.
 Waterbury, steamer, accident to the, 492.
 Waters, Henry F., American genealogical researches in England, 257, 421.
 Watson, Col. J. T., life and times of Gov. Peter Stuyvesant, 82.
 Watts, John, his plan to crush liberty in N. Y., 505.
 Webster, Daniel, reception to, at

- N. Y., 1836, 192; appointed secretary of state, 394, 398; his services in the Ashburton treaty, 395; resigns his office, 395; his death, 398.
- Weeden, William S., the economic and social history of New England, 100, 357.
- Welles, Gideon, appointed secretary of the navy, 399.
- Welsh, discovery of America by the, 420.
- West India Company, colonizes N. Y., 42; develops the trade with N. Y., 50.
- West Indies, universities in, 413.
- West Point, N. Y., military academy founded, 98.
- Westbrook, Mary, Rachel Dumont, noticed, 262.
- Whig Club, organized in N. Y., 1752, 48.
- White, Andrew D., portrait, 94; a catchism of political reaction, 96.
- White Plains, N. Y., first private insane asylum, 506.
- Whitney, Stephen, portrait, 441.
- Whitney, William C., appointed secretary of the navy, 405.
- Wickliffe, Charles A., appointed postmaster-general, 395.
- Wilkins, William, appointed secretary of war, 395.
- William and Mary College, first law school in U. S. established at, 103.
- Williams, George H., appointed attorney-general of U. S., 402.
- Williams, Roger, refugee from Mass., 51; ancestry of, 421.
- Willis, Nathaniel P., his suit against Edwin Forrest, 442; anecdote of, 443; as a poet, 444.
- Wilson, Annie E., Simon Kenton, the Kentucky pioneer, and his corn-patch, 450.
- Wilson, George, portrait gallery of chamber of commerce, noticed, 432.
- Windom, William, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 404.
- Winsor, Justin, portrait, 94; the perils of historical study, 104.
- Winthrop, Robert C., ancestry of, 255.
- Wirt, William, appointed attorney-general of U. S., 390, 391.
- Witchcraft, the literature of, 95, 347.
- Wolcott, Oliver, appointed secretary of the U. S. treasury, 387; resigns his office, 388.
- Women as soldiers, 254.
- Woodbury, Levi, appointed secretary of the navy, 393; secretary of the treasury, 393.
- Woods, Kate Tannett, Hawthorne's first printed article, 237.
- Wooley, Charles, the climate of N. Y. in 1678, 57.
- Wright, Marcus J., the trial and execution of John Brown, 99; unpublished letter of Gov. Sevier, Nov. 9, 1803, contributed by, 303.
- Wry, John, executed at N. Y., 1741, 52.
- Wyoming, history of, noticed, 175.
- Wyoming Valley, Pa., families in the, noticed, 431.
- YALE College, advance of historical studies in, 113.
- ZENGER, John Peter, arrives at N. Y., 46; tried for libel, 48.